

# THE DIAL

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## THE BANKRUPTCY OF LITERATURE.

"What would happen," asks M. André Beaunier in a recent review, "if all the customers of all the bakers should set about baking bread themselves?" It is hardly necessary to reply that the bakers would go into bankruptcy. This quaint reflection comes from a dismayed observer of the plethora of modern books, more solicitous, perhaps, than he need be concerning the welfare of their writers. More fitly than in most cases, the plea of this class that they must live may be given the answer of the familiar anecdote. What is the necessity, indeed, for this continued activity in a world that groans beneath the burden of their literary production, a world upon which they wantonly bestow so questionable a gift? The eminent critic who, a few years ago, in a petulant mood declared science to be bankrupt, might with greater justice have sought to establish a case for the bankruptcy of literature.

If bankruptcy be the failure to meet just obligations, there is a good deal to be said for the view that modern literature is dangerously close to the insolvent state. When financial disaster of this sort is near, its proximity is usually indicated by a frantic straining for the extension of credit. Every manner of makeshift is resorted to for the purpose of staving off the crisis and regaining the prestige that is on the point of irrecoverable loss. No terms could more exactly describe the devices by which a large proportion of our modern writers seek to relieve a situation which they feel to be desperate; no metaphor more exactly fits their case than that of a credit strained almost to the breaking-point. No other explanation can account with any degree of satisfaction for the fashion in which their vocabularies are tricked out with technicalities and neologisms, for the reckless way in which they riot in the bizarre and the paradoxical, for the intellectual and ethical audacities in which they indulge. To achieve novelty at whatever cost is the sum of their ambition, for thus alone is their poverty-stricken estate to be for a time concealed. If they can make themselves sufficiently startling, they may hope to seem impressive. That the hope is not altogether futile may be gathered from a glance at the vogue of such men as

Nietzsche and Gorky and d'Annunzio and Whitman and Chesterton and Shaw. It may also be gathered from a study of many of the reputations that have recently been made in the domain of philosophical speculation, and in the futile fields of pedagogical and sociological and psychical theory.

Neither these men nor these opinions are to be ignored, for they obtrude themselves too prominently into the foreground of contemporary thought. Nor do they deserve to be wholly disregarded; because, apart from their symptomatic significance, they embody a real stirring of the waters which they make so turbid. But by just so far as they depart from normal forms of expression and normal modes of thought they become objects of rightful suspicion, and the more startling the departure the greater the probability that they are offering mere irrational vagary as a substitute for orderly cerebration. It amounts to a practical confession of judgment in the bankruptcy court for a writer to offer for his stock in trade such unrealizable assets as the "precious" vocabulary and the unfettered period, such evidences of intellectual ineptitude as glaring paradox and unrestrained sensibility. These ways of doing a literary business may be defended by fine-sounding phrases — "enriching the language," "increasing the flexibility of utterance," "liberating the spirit from tradition," and "unsealing the springs of sympathy," — but the argument rings hollow. Neither the substance of thought nor the form which it contrives for its expressive service is as wholly a matter of fashion as our modern sophists would have us believe; the human spirit has accumulated a certain amount of fixed capital in fairly permanent embodiment during its three thousand years, more or less, of unwearying effort.

The trouble seems to be that our modern speculative fever has got into literature and other places where it does not belong, and the methods of "frenzied finance" are found profitable (for the time being) by many of our poets and novelists and dramatic purveyors, even by our educators and sociologists and philosophers. So we have "booms" in such specialties as rhapsodical prose and degraded speech and the exploitation of sensual situations, in such revolts (sometimes revolting enough) as march under the red banners of new thought and free love and pragmatism. We are terrorized by educational ideals that take small account of the soul, and social ideals that would overthrow the very citadel of individualism, and political ideals that

are subversive of most old-fashioned notions about the sanctity of human rights. All these are perhaps passing phenomena, but they press upon our attention to somewhat trying effect, and the whole wildcat movement is pretty discouraging to those who know enough of history to understand the value of credit and stability in the operations of the intellectual market.

The case of literature, while by no means hopeless, is far more serious than the case of science, as the latter is viewed through the spectacles of prejudice by M. Brunetière. The recent progress of science is marked by really definite and brilliant achievements, and its outlook was never more promising. But literature, if not on the verge of bankruptcy, is at least threatened by an impairment of credit for which the natural remedy would be a drastic overhauling of its securities and a general retrenchment in most directions. There are no evident signs that this remedy is likely to be applied. The number of people who write flimsy novels and perpetrate bad poems and bad plays goes on steadily increasing, and the number of editors and publishers who encourage these misguided persons seems to grow at nearly the same rate. Then in addition to all this legitimate if ill-advised competition on either side, there is the disturbing element supplied by the host of aspirants for literary fame who are so assured of their own merits that no rejection deters them, and who print at their own expense the immortal works that can find no one else to stake money upon their success. Clearly, the threatening *débâcle* will not be averted by a sudden growth of self-restraint.

During the last half-century the world has passed through one of the golden ages of literature; but the age in which we now live is at best one of silver, if not one of lead or plated metal. The most enthusiastic spokesman of modernity would not claim for the best score of living writers anything like a parity of importance with the best score of those whose deaths we have been called upon to chronicle with such painful frequency since 1880. We welcome new writers like Mr. De Morgan and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Alfred Noyes, but the best we can say of them is that they reflect something of the glory of their great predecessors and exemplars. And those who do not thus shine by a borrowed light are pretty apt to force themselves upon our attention by their shrill or falsetto voices, and by their bad literary manners, rather than by any display of the literary graces. "Politics

and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat," said Emerson in 1837; and it would not be a bad diagnosis of our present condition. Both of the de-spiritualizing influences that he then named are now even more active among men the world over, and they make themselves felt in literature as in every other really vital human concern. And the many disillusionments that the later years have brought us have in some measure choked the springs of hope that sustained the faith of our forefathers a century ago.

#### BERNARD SHAW IN FRANCE.

Although the name of Bernard Shaw is, in a popular sense, all but unknown in France, — less known, indeed, than it is in America, and according to accounts than it is in Germany and Austria, — yet his work has been examined with great thoroughness by the students and critics who have interested themselves in it, with the result that their comments are notably free from traces of that idle chatter which has been a dominating element in his reception elsewhere. The Shaw movement, as it may now be called, seems to be confined to university consideration on the one hand, and to the discussion arising from the production of one of the plays in Paris on the other. Last winter no less than four Shaw courses were given to university audiences — at the Sorbonne, at Brussels, at Bordeaux, and at Geneva. Considering the fact that it is less than four years since the first extended article on Shaw appeared in a French review, the assumption may be made of a genuine extension of interest.

The author of the article referred to was M. Jean Blum, a native of Paris, who has been a professor of German at Turcoing and at Oran, and is also interested in contemporary English letters. He modestly admits that he could not literally have been the first to introduce Shaw to his countrymen, as several notices had appeared in print previously, some of them as early as 1897 or 1898. Nevertheless, to M. Blum beyond doubt is due the credit of being the first to write on Shaw at length, at first hand, and quite independently of his reception in England. It may safely be said that such an introduction has had not a little to do with keeping the Shaw movement free from the absurdities of faddism; for M. Blum's presentation, instead of being indiscriminately eulogistic, was thoughtful and moderate.

The man who has written and spoken most on Shaw in France, and the one most widely known as his expounder, is M. Augustin Hamon, who with his wife has recently completed the authorized French version of Shaw's works. M. Hamon, when asked by the author to undertake the translation of his entire work, accepted for the socialistic and poli-

tical tracts, but not for the plays, regretting that as he himself was not a dramatist he did not feel qualified for the task. Shaw would not accept the excuse, writing: "I know well what I am doing. The vivacity of certain accounts of yours of Socialistic Congresses has convinced me that you are the man to write a French version of my comedies. You know modern society and human nature, and that is the important part in the work which I ask you to undertake."

The translator was a Paris student, and is now a Brussels Professor. He is a copious writer, and a contributor to influential periodicals in half a dozen countries. The drift of his mind may be inferred from the titles of his books. He joins hands with Shaw in anti-militarism; and his work on "The Psychology of the Professional Soldier" got him into serious trouble. It is said that because of this book, and after the affair of the anarchists Henry and Caserio, the author left France for some months, for England, where he contributed to the "Free Review" and "Liberty," and wrote "The Psychology of the Socialistic Anarchist." With such a record, it is perhaps less strange that M. Hamon should find in Shaw one who shares his views than that he should see anything else in him. M. Hamon seems, in fact, to be the only French critic of Shaw who is a socialist, or who has been drawn to Shaw by this bond of sympathy. He is the most zealous, the most enthusiastic, the most eulogistic Shawite in France. He regards Shaw's works as the dramatic expression of ideas which he himself had expounded in pamphlets and on the platform. M. Hamon delivered a series of lectures on Shaw at the Sorbonne the past winter, and their success is shown by the recent announcement of a second series for the current session.

M. Charles Cestre, formerly of Dijon and of Lyons, and recently appointed professor of English in the University of Bordeaux, delivered there a series on Shaw, which was better attended than lectures of like character have been for years. The publication of these lectures is called for; and it is probable that M. Cestre (who is a Harvard A.M.) will be his own translator into English. M. Cestre's previous books, dealing with French ideas of social democracy as they affected England at the time of the Revolution, have qualified him peculiarly for a discussion of this exponent of the modern spirit. The fact that the Bordeaux professor is not a socialist, and that, while sympathetic, his approval and admiration are qualified, enhances the value of his work, and at the same time shows the rational character of the Shaw movement.

M. Henri Odier, a graduate of the University of Berne, with a thesis on the psychology of words and a work in prospect on Hawthorne, lately gave a short series of lectures on Shaw at the Athénée of Geneva; and these lectures are now in press. M. Palante, professor of philosophy at St. Brieuc, has also lectured on the same subject; and Shaw has been commented upon in the periodicals by such



men as MM. Henri de Régnier, Adolphe Brisson, Henri Bidou, Firmin Roz, Ernest Charles, Gaston Rageot, Régis Michaud, Raymond Recouly, and others. Only those writers who are taken seriously have the sources of their ideas investigated; and there has hardly been a French reviewer who has not suggested a philosopher or dramatist as a test of comparison with Shaw. That the names thus brought out are so often the same shows at least the existence of a standard. One critic, M. Michaud, says that, as a revolutionary, Shaw is to be thought of with Byron, Shelley, Ruskin, and Morris; and he is credited with familiarity with Darwin, Spencer, and Schopenhauer. In the apology of faith versus works, of spontaneity and sincerity against the formalism of institutions, of individuality against appearances, M. Roz finds signs of Shaw's ideals in Bunyan's great allegory. But the two names invariably brought forward in the longer reviews are Ibsen and Nietzsche, — and this in spite of Shaw's retort to his English reviewers regarding his debt to Charles Lever, Samuel Butler, and others still less known. Ibsen held that our modern conception of virtue holds us in real slavery. The quintessence of Ibsenism, according to Shaw, is in the destruction of this conception, of this ideal; this, according to M. Blum, is the bond between the two, the foundation on which Shaw builds his philosophy. M. Rageot notes that Shaw's mission is comparable to that of Ibsen, as shown in their fondness for moral problems and in their treatment of anguish of conscience. On the dramatic side as well, Shaw is said to have learned from the Norwegian the art of joining exposition to action. Points of dissimilarity, on the other hand, are not wanting. Chief of these is that Shaw is essentially comic, while Ibsen is mainly tragic. Shaw's optimism contrasts with Ibsen's pessimism. M. Odier calls Ibsen individualistic, Shaw social. M. Hamon claims that from the social point of view, Shaw's work is richer and deeper than Ibsen's; that in Shaw's work the lower classes play a more important part; that he is not interested, as Ibsen is, in social pathology; and that woman is considered by Shaw more realistically, in contrast with the comparative idealism of Ibsen's treatment.

Upon the appearance of Shaw's "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," the Germans discovered the author's affinity with Nietzsche, whom he then began to study. The result is held to have been a recognizable obligation and similarity as clear as that with Ibsen, and followed likewise by points of disagreement. Nietzsche explained European nihilism by the intermingling of masters and slaves, by the disappearance of castes; he believed the Superman to be realizable by a small number of masters rigorously separated from the troop of slaves. Superman is the aim and ideal of his thesis, *caste régime* but a means; if this means be ill-chosen, it must be changed.

Shaw's divergence from an older conception of socialism lies in distinguishing between the emotional element and what has clumsily been called the

scientific element. The first he regards as unnecessary, and even as unworthy of socialism. By means of the second he attempts to sever the old union of moral romanticism and socialism. For this purpose he borrowed from Nietzsche both the word and idea of Superman, declaring that the aspiration to the Superman and its preaching by Nietzsche accords with the religious precept, "Ye must be born again." But as opposed to what might be called the class philosophy of Nietzsche, Shaw holds that the two fundamental institutions of our society, property and marriage, are unfavorable to the advent of Superman. The opposite opinion arose from the fallacy that men could be bred for the development of particular traits, just as cocks are bred for their combative qualities. On the contrary, what in man is really important we do not yet clearly understand. It is the "inconscious" which is the living source of all his energies. After selection we must trust to instinct. Shaw then falls back on communism for methods and means for the attainment of the ideal of Superman. In other words, his synthesis combines real communism with the fundamental tenet of Nietzsche. The leading critics are in the main agreed on this point. M. Cestre arrives at practically the same conclusion from another viewpoint, hinting that Nietzsche is a variation of Carlyle; and he adds that Shaw is a democratic Carlyle.

The only one of Shaw's plays that has yet been acted in the French-speaking world is "Candida," and that was first played, not in the French but in the Belgian capital. It seems to have been a substantial success — due partly to the fact that it was well acted, but doubtless still more to the intelligent interest aroused by a discourse on the dramatist's work, and an exposition of "Candida" in particular, which M. Hamon delivered immediately before the performance. M. Brisson regrets that the Paris production had no such preliminary explanation; the *dramatis personae*, he comments, escape classification, are incomprehensible to the Frenchman, and disconcert him. "The atmosphere chills; we feel that we are not in touch with the author. Eugene exasperates, Burgess seems caricatured. Yet there is a creative force, a desire to ignore the superficial and to dig down to the naked truth; there is a beauty which I only perceive in spots, and I more than regret my lack of comprehension. Candida is not ours. An effort is necessary in order to fathom her. In many of our plays we see a woman obsessed by a husband and a lover, hesitating between the two, or resigning herself to both. The moment we understand her character we foresee the conclusion. Candida does not belong to any of our categories; she is apart." M. Bidou calls Candida an embodiment of charity, reason, and love. "She has the good sense that belongs to our race. Does she not get her reasonableness from the Celtic spirit, which is as practical as it is imaginative? An Ibsen heroine would have acted otherwise." Another critic calls attention to the "Doll's House" as being anti-social in comparison with Candida. MM. Hamon and



Cestre are of conflicting opinions in regard to the wife's motive for staying with her husband, — the one holding that it is from love, not from duty, the other contending that Candida believes it her duty to remain with the man who needs her most. M. Recouly, speaking of Morell, asks: "This need of setting forth so candidly his conjugal felicity, and associating the kingdom of heaven with the joys of married life, this mania of preaching to the young celibate, urging him to take his part of a God-given happiness, — is it not for all the world like a British clergyman?"

The Paris production of "Candida" was a distinctly literary enterprise, and on the whole was coldly received. The piece was generally regarded as too remarkable to be laughed at, and many confessed that its originality gave them pause; but also that they did not understand it. Frenchwomen, it has been said, understand Candida but do not accept her. Some think that the play which should have been presented first is "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and this notwithstanding its resemblance to Maupassant's "Yvette." But from this M. Michaud dissents. There is no danger, he says, that from a given situation Shaw will draw conclusions that either seem to be logical or that are ever twice the same. He seems to take pleasure in this, and in inserting in the same play ideas most opposed to each other. In this art he excels; and it is apparently the most substantial profit that he gets.

Allied to the question of feminism, of which Lady Cicely and Mrs. Clandon are but two out of many examples, is the question of love and its treatment in ways that are novel to the French public. Shaw's ignoring of the unpleasant aspects of realism, in contrast to Ibsen or to Tolstoi, has been the subject of no more comment than the absence of physical passion. This gives rise to types absolutely unknown to the French stage, such as the chaste bachelor, the Philanderer. There is not in Shaw the sentimentalism of corruption of which Murger's "La Vie de Bohème" is an instance. Schopenhauer, according to M. Cestre, influenced Shaw and his theory of love, in that with him love has a physical basis and moral effects. The idealism with which love is surrounded is only a trap which nature sets for us to ensure the perpetuation of the race. Love, while thus losing its poetry in a way, none the less has a noble moral beauty, binding us to nature and revealing our responsibilities. The special manner in which Shaw treats love as a duel between the sexes is quite new to the French. Exultation in love is the summit of strength, of courage, the triumph of impulse over individualism. Valentine, for example, in "You Never Can Tell," feels that the triumph of love in him is a defeat of his nature, a surrendering of individualism. The duel is found in "Man and Superman," the genius of producing life in the woman versus the genius of producing thought in man. Quite different also is the Shaw way from that of Dumas, in whose work a plot hangs on a custom or legal detail. "Divorce" deals with a

special point of legislation; whereas with Shaw there is a thesis of general psychology, of love in general, and of marriage considered as a psychological event. This aspect of his work is, however, not the only point of interest. The employment of three kinds of background is noted: (1) the historic, as in "The Devil's Disciple" and "Antony and Cleopatra"; (2) an exotic setting, a world of surprise, accepted by the English, too extravagant for the French; (3) a setting not exotic, but strange, as the Ibsen Club in "The Philanderer," or the transformation of the upper circle in "Major Barbara." The variety of the minor or episodic characters is unchallenged, but there are diverse views in regard to the major ones. M. Cestre may not voice the current Anglo-Saxon opinion when he says that Shaw's men are portraits of Shaw himself. The women too, the lecturer adds, do not have the same complexity or the same conformity to the conditions of life that women of the French theatre have. Shaw's successful character-differentiation is the accident of fertile invention, not the outcome of interest in the individual.

Notwithstanding the *entente cordiale*, the French still delight in jibes of the olden time; and Shaw's caustic remarks to his native audience delight their hearts. Here is one explanation of how he captured London: in a country where the theatre was chiefly given to dancing, a man appeared whose plays made people think. Intelligent and literate spectators, like people who have fasted for too long, threw themselves on the new food, carrying along with them the snobs who abound there in greater numbers than anywhere else in the world. In this way was Shaw's success made. Another critic adds: thus Shaw, with almost excessive but sincere audacity, an almost heroic perseverance, a fantasy and an ingenuity ceaselessly renewed, is the English writer who has best shown the practical and moralizing genius of this nation of shopkeepers, which is never in want of principles to justify her interests. This explains the resistance and the favor met with in England by this too clear-sighted, indiscreet, and amusing moralist. Still other explanations follow: Shaw's London audiences had difficulty in understanding him, because his vision of things was not like theirs, perverted by prejudices, by obscure sentiments, and by ill-formed ideas. He was indifferent to what seemed to them capital questions, and curious about others which they wondered were asked. He has revealed to his compatriots the French disrespect; and if not the only one, is at least the one who has proclaimed most loudly that all is not for the best in the best of empires.

This attitude of mind brings forth such an interpretation of "Candida" as M. Rageot's. The play gives us a glimpse, he says, of what we shall like in Shaw, and what will, he believes, always escape us in his vigorous and combative talent. Above all a satirist, he observes the vices of English social life, and excels in expressing the secret restlessness of certain minds which suffocate in that puritan atmos-

phere, under the national mask of respectability. The English mind lives in an atmosphere of falsehood and illusion. "Candida" is a vigorous attack against false religion (English), against clergymen who live by it, and against hypocritical adepts who keep it up. It is the more telling because of its precision and moderation. What stings the English to the quick is hardly felt by the French, who remain strangers to the foundation of Shaw's works, social satire.

The French are, of course, convinced that Shaw has an excellent subject in satirizing English life. They are equally sure that whatever in him is remarkable is French, and that they should recognize him as one of themselves. M. Blum frankly states that in his opinion it will be Shaw's fate to fail, by reason of the very French qualities which have secured his success in England. M. Odier—who, it should be remembered, is Swiss—writes that Shaw's seemingly light wit may prevent the French from appreciating his common-sense, and will cause him to be regarded by most serious people as a charlatan. M. Odier holds, with M. Blum, that there is in France to-day such a large element of readers and playgoers who are enamoured of the exotic and the revolutionary in literature, that Shaw may be the object of an artificial vogue like that of Ibsen, who has never really taken with the French public. M. Brisson writes that it is as inevitable that there should be Shawites as that there have been Ibsenites, but that such a phenomenon has at least the advantage of enlarging taste. M. Blum presents a detailed comparison of Shaw and Beaumarchais; and M. Hamon a much fuller one between Molière and Shaw, heralding the latter as the successor of the former, and as the scornful of nineteenth century models, Scribe in particular. M. Hamon finds Shaw's work un-English, and has no doubt of its ultimate acceptance in France. M. Rageot says there is real intellectual relationship between Shaw and the French; for if fundamentally he resembles Ibsen, and seems to have been influenced by Tolstoi and Nietzsche, by the form and turn of his mind he is related to Voltaire and Anatole France. Like them, he handles irony, which is the only weapon of satire, and which is essentially French. M. Michaud's words are to the same effect. Translated into our tongue, he notes, Shaw will belong to us by more than one right: equally by the social, intellectual, and Utopian elements in his work. Although he does not admire our stage, — he rates Duse above Sarah Bernhardt, does not enjoy Musset, still less Sardou, Coppée, and Rostand, and seems to prefer the Théâtre de l'Œuvre to that of the Boulevards, — yet he knows that we are of the country of Molière and of Coquelin, that our greatest lyric poet is the author of "Les Misérables," and that our purest esthete placed "Monsieur Bergeret" side by side with the English Lake Poets and with Tennyson.

Discussion of Shaw as a philosopher is apt to stop with mere acknowledgement of his suggestiveness. M. Blum calls him dramatist and philosopher in

equal degree; but doubtless the most eulogistic claim comes from M. Roz. Shaw styles himself a philosopher, he writes; that is true, provided this word calls to our minds, not Descartes or Spencer, but rather Anatole France. In effect, if Anatole France had been inspired by Schopenhauer, Ibsen, and Nietzsche, rather than by Voltaire and Renan, thus being or appearing to be more profound, and let the wings of his fancy float in metaphysics, he could almost give us the idea of Bernard Shaw. Though cognizant of the formidable obstacles which must be overcome if Shaw's reputation is to cross the Channel, M. Cestre is none the less hopeful of ultimate success. Summing up the essential factors of the situation, he says in substance: One of the leading characteristics of Shaw, which ought to call for sympathy in the French mind, is the combination of the power of observation and of portraiture with the philosophical imagination and the reformer's enthusiasm. We are not likely to take so much interest in the metaphysics of the third act of "Man and Superman" as in the psychology spread throughout the play. We do not have the longing of Germanic peoples for the solution of the riddle of the universe. We are content to take the cosmos on credit, and are rather attracted by artists and thinkers who search far and deep into the complex world of emotions and motives. Shaw puzzles French readers by the (to them) outlandishness of the characters and manners of his plays. They are not shocked by his onslaughts on respectability and piety, for these bogies have long been exploded in France; but it is their sense of literary propriety, their inborn regard for sentiment, that are uncomfortably shaken. Shaw needs to be explained to them; but I dare say his intellectuality, his keenness and boldness in handling moral questions, his art and his wit, will in the long run be appreciated. Apt as the French are to worship literary canons, they will have to be gently initiated into a new form of problem play. Alexander Dumas and his disciples opposed on the stage the individual passions or collective prejudices whence spring social evil, or they dramatized the conflict of feelings which arise from the marriage laws. But no French dramatist has yet done what Shaw so well succeeds in doing, — describing the ethics of a future state of society involved in a picture of present-day manners, and attributing to his characters unwonted feelings and unusual motives of action, while making them living and likable, in so many ways of our own kith and kin.

It may be too early to predict whether or not Shaw's name in France will be known only to the few, like Swinburne's or Meredith's, or become a veritable household word like Kipling's or like Wells's. A hopeful interpretation may be put on the comparative disregard of his superficial qualities, such as paradox and verbal brilliancy, to the advantage of psychologic and social phases. To think of Shaw, even tentatively, as the English Anatole France, seems to have a certain attraction for the latter's compatriots. It would be quite

unfair to say, although the comparison has been frequently remarked, that it has been made too much of. The fact itself suffices to show how respectful the consensus of French opinion is. The contrast in the two estimates could not perhaps be more glaringly illustrated than in the reflection of the probable effect in America, if not in England, of a serious discussion of the author of "*L'Île des Pingouins*" as the Bernard Shaw of France.

LEWIS NATHANIEL CHASE.

### CASUAL COMMENT.

MR. SANBORN AS HIS OWN PUBLISHER offers good value at a small price in the third edition of his "*Life and Letters of John Brown, Liberator of Kansas and Martyr of Virginia*." Henceforth publisher as well as author of this authoritative biography of his one-time friend and associate, Mr. Sanborn, in a circular addressed "to librarians and others," tells how the book was begun in the stress of the Civil War, how he spent a large part of twenty-five years in collecting material for it, and had access to all the family papers in its preparation. "Opinions about Brown will long be divided," he says in a characteristic passage of his circular, "but opinions are not history, and ought not to be the main stuff of biography. Facts of uncontested value make the staple of my book, and though I have not avoided the expression of opinion, that part of the book has been based on the careful examination of conflicting evidence." The first volume of the author's recent "*Recollections of Seventy Years*" contains much additional matter concerning Brown and his friends; likewise his "*Memoir of Dr. S. G. Howe*," published nineteen years ago, gives further particulars; and the final volume of his edition of Theodore Parker's works, to appear soon, "will set forth, more fully than elsewhere, the connection of that eminent man with Brown and his plans." But the biography itself, a work of about 650 pages, is indispensable to the student of John Brown and his times, and the greatly reduced price at which it is now offered should secure for it many new readers.

"THE GREATEST PHYSICIST IN AMERICA," as President Stanley Hall termed the late Professor Dolbear, was possessed of a modesty that stands in pleasing contrast with the overweening self-confidence and unabashed assertiveness of so many other possessors of brilliant gifts. Not a few anecdotes illustrating Dolbear's literary likings, his idealism, and the unaffected charm and simplicity of his nature, have found their way into print since his death. A friend, calling on him one summer morning three years ago, when he was already stricken with the disease that ended his life, found him sitting on the piazza of his house, overlooking the college campus, with a table near him on which lay a single book—a spiritual interpretation of nature—

Mr. Charles G. Whiting's "*Walks in New England*." "I'm reading this book you kindly sent to me," he remarked, "and I am much interested. I find that it fits my present need better than anything else. I can read it backward or forward, just as I used to read Emerson." Invited to walk across the campus with his host to his laboratory, the friend paused on the way to point to a cluster of chicory in full bloom, and to say: "I find myself coming to the conviction that the biologists are wrong in their conception that the bloom of a plant is related simply to the propagation of the species. To me it seems that beauty is the real object and purpose of the world of flowers." To this heterodox utterance the scientist most unexpectedly and impressively replied: "You are right." So modest was his estimate of the value of his own contributions to science that he parted with an important invention in telegraphy to the Western Union Company for less than one-seventh of what that wealthy corporation was fully prepared to pay the inventor. He had simply named the amount that would lift a mortgage then resting on his house, and perhaps leave him a little over, and counted himself fortunate to have his price accepted. With his many important inventions in connection with the telegraph and the telephone—including telegraphing without wires, now so widely and successfully used—the one referred to seemed but a little thing, and he valued it according to its cost to him, not by its usefulness to others. . . .

THE KING OF CARTOONISTS AT NINETY lives quietly with his sister at West Kensington, his pencil now forever laid aside, and his sight wholly gone, but his step still firm and his form but slightly bent. Sir John Tenniel, who so graphically told the political history of half a century, did all his work with only one eye to guide the movements of his rapid pencil. An early fencing bout with his brother, without masks, ended disastrously for the artist. Of all the hopeful band who were associated with Sir John on the staff of "*Punch*" in its early days, fifty years ago, Mr. Henry Silver is the only survivor. In his home there hangs one of the cartoonist's water-color drawings, with the signatures of those congenial spirits who used to sit around "*The Table*" and enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of soul, as well as more material nourishment, every Wednesday evening. There are to be seen the names of John Tenniel, Mark Lemon, Thackeray, Tom Taylor, John Leech, William Bradbury, Fred Evans, Percival Leigh, and Henry Silver. Besides such famous cartoons as "*Dropping the Pilot*" and "*The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger*," Sir John is entitled to our lasting gratitude for his apt illustrations to "*Alice in Wonderland*" and "*Through the Looking-Glass*"—masterpieces that now (since the expiration of copyright) may be obtained in editions costing no more than ten cents. It would be almost a crime to bring up a child without these two books, illustrated by Sir John Tenniel, in the nursery.



A DIFFICULT TASK IN MANUSCRIPT-DECIPHERING, comparable with the arduous achievement in turning Pepys's voluminous and cryptic diary into common script, has been completed by the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock, D.D., for many years editor of "The Methodist Recorder" (London). John Wesley's journals, some written in Byrom's shorthand, some in an abbreviated long hand, and some in a secret cipher of Wesley's own devising and subject to frequent changes, have been at last made accessible in full to all readers, in an annotated edition filling six substantial volumes. The first volume, just published, deals with the American travels of him who said, "I look upon all the world as my parish." For simple, vigorous, idiomatic English, setting forth the life-history of one whose missionary experience and acute observations were richly worth recording, there is nothing to be compared with the Wesleyan journals. George Fox's record of his sufferings and his missionary labors is a wonderful work, but lacks the variety and vivacity of Wesley's story. When one recalls that the founder of Methodism travelled, by his own account, more than four thousand miles a year for about sixty years — or a quarter-million miles in all — it is no wonder his journals possess life and embrace a wide range of topics. The editor's four years of puzzling over the mysterious cipher, and the happy solution of the problem that came to him in a dream, contribute to make this first complete edition of the journals a memorable work.

THE NEED OF A NEUTRAL PRONOUN, or pronoun of common gender and applicable to either man or woman, boy or girl, is vaguely felt by even the least reflective speaker or writer. Every now and then an arbitrary formation (like *thon*, for instance) is desperately put forward for adoption by some language-mender; but the great general public, and even the smaller learned and literary and philological public, refuse to have anything to do with the queer-looking thing — perhaps suspecting it of being an emanation of reformed spelling, rather than a new word. Our English cousins bluntly meet the emergency, when it arises, by throwing grammar into the North Sea and letting "they" and "their" and "them" stand for "he or she," "his or her," and "him or her," respectively. Authors of repute calmly write such sentences as this: It is everybody's duty to love their country. It may be that this use of a plural pronoun in place of that neutral singular which half a thousand years or more have failed to evolve for us, is the best that can now be hoped for. Made-to-order words, like made-to-order spellings, are things that the public has little stomach for.

THE MANKATO PUBLIC LIBRARY is probably unknown to ninety-nine general readers out of a hundred — possibly to an even larger proportion. In fact, Mankato itself might not be quickly and correctly located by more than two out of every twenty-five of these same "general readers." It is

a Minnesota city, of about twelve thousand inhabitants, eighty miles or so from St. Paul, in a south-westerly direction; it is the reputable seat of a highly reputable State Normal School; and its citizens maintain a good and useful and wide-awake library. But what especially strikes one, in reading the librarian's sixteenth annual report, is the liberality of the Mankatoans to their library employees in respect to vacations and leaves of absence. "The extension of vacation from three weeks to a month," we read, "and the extra week allowed for attendance at the A. L. A. conference, were very much appreciated by both librarian and assistant, as was also the privilege granted the assistant to attend the state meeting at Duluth." Moreover, an examination of the "Financial Report" of the Mankato Library seems to reveal a praiseworthy liberality in the matter of salaries — for so small a city. Much is being written and said about the inadequate pay of library workers and their too close confinement. Encouraging, therefore, are these signs of a better order of things at Mankato, whose enlightened policy may well be adopted elsewhere.

THE RAPID GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, in number of words and in new meanings for old words, is reflected in the increasing size of our dictionaries. The indispensable "Webster" reappears at short intervals in more and more plethoric form; and now the publishers of the "Century Dictionary," which first appeared in 1891, are about to offer two supplementary volumes containing nearly a hundred thousand new words, new uses of old words, and new items in the proper-name division, with nineteen hundred new illustrations, and other less important additions. Owners of the previously issued volumes are to be favored in the distribution of the new ones, and then the price will be advanced for the public in general. The reason why our language contains more words than any other European tongue is obvious enough. Its wide distribution over two hemispheres, among peoples of invention and resource, who are constantly making discoveries in science and enlarging the bounds of knowledge, could not but insure its rapid growth. Moreover, its genius favors the formation of new compounds and the attachment of new meanings to old terms. It can be no restricted vocabulary that serves the needs of Briton and American, Australian and South African, East Indian, West Indian, and Philippine Islander.

LIBRARIAN LUMMIS'S RESIGNATION of his Los Angeles position would be a matter for greater regret did it not involve the restoration of a highly original and useful worker to the fields of scientific and historical research and authorship. Mr. Lummis's five years' management of the Los Angeles Public Library has proved him a most resourceful, original, and energetic librarian. With a substantial basis of scholarship, but no false reverence for hoary tradition, he has made innovations that at first made his worthy associates gasp and stare. Who else



could ever have introduced the roof-garden idea into librarianism, or the poison-label for untrustworthy books? The roof-garden has proved a success, a crown of success, on the Los Angeles library. The poison-label is still on trial as to its practicability in libraries unequipped with a staff of experts in all departments of learning. Mr. Lummis's varied adventures and extended travels over a large part of the western hemisphere, and his books describing those experiences and researches, would furnish matter for a long and unusually interesting article, or volume, which will doubtless some day be written. At present we have to note with regret his relinquishment of a task which he has shown himself well fitted to perform, and to hail with satisfaction his re-entrance into the domain of authorship. After all, the pen is mightier than the Dewey Decimal System.

A RENEWAL OF THE FIGHT FOR GREEK AT OXFORD reopens the interminable debate over the comparative claims of the humanities and the sciences. An essay on "How to Save Greek," from the pen of a Mr. Snow, fellow of St. John's, is made the text of a few approving comments by Dr. Gilbert Murray, the well-known Grecian; and although he had hitherto been inclined to relinquish compulsory classics at Oxford, Dr. Murray now acknowledges the force of Mr. Snow's argument, and would have both Oxford and Cambridge remain true to the old traditions. These two old universities, he well observes, "indisputably excel in a certain kind of literary, philosophic, and historical education based on the knowledge of antiquity," and therefore he would leave to other and less ancient seats of learning the development of a school of English literature not grounded on the study of classical antiquity. Dwelling on this point further, he asks: "Ought there not to be one place where English literature is taught, as a matter of course and necessity, with regard to its spiritual origins?" This is well. Yet it may be that in the progress of the centuries, and in the increasing strenuousness of modern life, Greek and Latin will be forced to yield to the stress even more than they have yet done — much as Hebrew has to-day become an all but unknown tongue even to theologians.

A PERIODICAL RELAPSE might perhaps serve as a not unfit phrase to apply to the late abandonment of the journalistic struggle on the part of "Putnam's Magazine." Originally founded in 1853 by Mr. G. P. Putnam, the founder also of the Putnam house of publishers, and edited by George William Curtis, the magazine received the support of such able pens as those of Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, Stoddard, and Stedman; but it suspended publication after only four years. Recalled to life half a century later (1906) by Mr. George Haven Putnam, the present head of the Putnam house, and given a rejuvenated appearance, with abundance of pictorial embellishment and special features, and absorbing into itself "The

Critic" (which had already assimilated "The Literary World") and also "The Reader," the combined enterprise has, like the old "Putnam's," enjoyed a four years' existence. And now the new "Putnam's," with the predigested publications above-named, is swallowed at a gulp by another magazine of more vigorous constitution, "The Atlantic Monthly." Fervently do we hope that the absorbing and merging process will go no further — that the one distinctive magazine which makes its appeal on the ground of literary merit, and on that alone, will long be spared to the civilization which it does so much to promote and adorn.

A GRAIN OF SHAKESPEARIAN WHEAT FROM A BUSHEL OF CHAFF is well worth the labor of winnowing, to the scholar in quest of any slightest scrap of new information about the great poet. Professor Charles William Wallace of the University of Nebraska has beguiled a summer holiday by some toilsome researches in the Public Record Office at London, where mountains of ancient legal documents await the scrutiny of the antiquary and the historian. What the Nebraskan professor has gleaned affects not at all the question of the authorship of the Shakespearian plays; but it makes clear that Shakespeare at one time lived with a wig-maker's family of the name of Mountjoy in Silver Street, that he was interested in its affairs, and that he appeared in a law court for these Mountjoys. Furthermore, a new signature is added to the few now ascribed to Shakespeare's pen. This is sufficiently careless and lacking in clearness to be undoubtedly genuine. It reads "Willm Shaks" — evidently a sort of personal mark rather than a complete signature, and throws but little light on the problem of whether or not the poet really knew how to spell his own name.

A GATHERING OF THE DESCENDANTS OF GREAT POETS, soon to be held in London, should be a rarely interesting occasion. The secretary of the Poetry Recital Society, which is moving in the matter, has said: "Among the most cheering facts that have come to light in our correspondence is that nearly all these descendants are comparatively well-to-do folk. The poets may have starved in their own day, but they have left their posterity in quite a number of cases remarkably well provided for. The greater proportion belong to the upper middle class. As regards the great poets themselves, there are, of course, some regrettable gaps. There is no actual descendant of Shakespeare, though we have found descendants of his grandparents on both sides. Milton is yet wholly unrepresented, and the name of Keats seems to have vanished as though it had, in very truth, been 'writ in water.' Shelley has no living descendant, though of course the present Sir John Shelley and others of the family are distant cousins." The prospective banquet will be held, it is expected, on Wordsworth's birthday, April 7.

### The New Books.

#### AFLOAT AND ASHORE WITH A YANKEE ADMIRAL.\*

Admiral Evans's account of his naval service up to the close of the Spanish war has been followed by a volume of similar size and character, continuing the narrative to the author's retirement from the navy, at the age of sixty-two, in 1908. "An Admiral's Log" is written in the same frank and straightforward style as the previous volume, sometimes humorous and mildly sarcastic, but always holding the reader's willing attention. After a brief opening chapter on "The Sampson-Schley Controversy," in which the writer's sympathies are, as before, heartily on the side of Admiral Sampson, he tells the story of the ridiculous trial of the Governor of Samoa. Admiral Evans presided over the court-martial, as ordered by the Secretary of the Navy; and after relating the honorable acquittal of the accused, he permits himself this concluding comment:

"In all my experience with courts-martial I have never known a case so weak as this one was, nor one where there was so little ground for charges. Upon my return to Washington I ascertained how the whole matter came about. The general impression was that the charges, or the complaint on which the charges were based, had in some way come from the missionaries, but this was not the case. A letter in a woman's hand-writing was received by the Secretary of the Navy reciting certain bad conduct on the part of the governor. The Secretary cut off the name of the writer and then sent the letter to the proper officers of the Department, with an order to prepare the charges. Thus, practically on an anonymous letter, the expense of sending this court so many thousands of miles was incurred, not to mention the injury to the reputation and feelings of the officer, who up to that time had enjoyed a fine reputation."

But, as the writer observes later, in connection with an official condemnation of certain indispensable survey work he was conducting in Philippine waters, "swivel chairs sometimes have the effect of warping the judgment of those that occupy them." The author's voyage to Samoa afforded him an opportunity to visit Honolulu, and he remarks in passing that the whole question of the defence of the Sandwich Islands is a most difficult one, and that he is "puzzled to understand how anyone, particularly a professional man, can consider them any-

thing but a source of weakness to us in case of war with any naval power in the Pacific." In such event, the defending army, 50,000 strong at least, would have to be fed from the California coast, more than two thousand miles distant.

The most interesting events chronicled in the Admiral's Log relate, of course, to his cruise in Eastern waters (with landings in China, Japan, and the Philippines), and his conduct of the Atlantic Fleet from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, in its famous round-the-world voyage. Speaking of President Roosevelt's parting words to him just before the fleet left Hampton Roads on its long cruise, the author says:

"On this occasion it was plain from his manner that Mr. Roosevelt felt deeply the importance of the step he had decided to take, and which had centred upon the navy of the United States the critical attention of the whole world. . . . I was most gratified to have the President say to me, as he did, 'Remember, Admiral Evans, you sail with the confidence of the President more completely than any admiral ever did before. Your cruise is a peaceful one, but you realise your responsibility if it should turn out otherwise!'"

And a little further on, illustrating the material from which war-scares are so often manufactured, we find this entry:

"Before the fleet sailed from Hampton Roads, I had seen several letters giving information that we were to be blown up and sunk on our way to the Pacific, the first attack being promised for Rio and the second in the Straits of Magellan. All the letters that I saw were anonymous, dated in Canada, and named either the Japanese government or the Japanese as the ones who were going to do us up. It seemed to me strange that the Japanese government should tell these men without names in Canada when and how they were going to destroy the battleships of a friendly nation! And I am free to confess that I considered the whole story unworthy of notice."

The sojourn in the East came at a rather critical period. The Boxer insurrection had just been quelled, and the allied armies were encamped before Peking. An interview with the late Empress Dowager affords material for an interesting passage.

"The minister presented me in a few words to her Majesty, and, standing at a distance of about twenty feet, I repeated the speech I had sent her some days before—at least a portion of it. She replied with the speech she had sent me, and then an unusual thing happened. She said to the minister through her interpreter: 'Ask the Admiral to come near me; I wish to converse with him.' . . . Then I looked into the eyes of this woman who ruled over four hundred millions of people, holding their lives and the destiny of her country in the hollow of her hand. Beautiful, appealing brown eyes looked back at me out of a face that must at one time have been strikingly beautiful. Every line of it indicated firmness and strength; the mouth alone sug-

\*AN ADMIRAL'S LOG. Being Continued Recollections of Naval Life. By Robley D. Evans. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

gested cruelty, if occasion called for it. A more striking face, one to be longer remembered, I have never seen. . . . The Empress Dowager spoke deliberately and with dignity. The interpreter received her words, bumped his head on the floor, raised his eyes, and repeated in English what she had said. I replied; another bump of the head, and with downcast eyes he conveyed my message to her Majesty. Thus, for about twenty minutes, the conversation continued, growing more interesting as she stated her side of the Boxer troubles, and the cruel punishment China had received, as a nation, for the doings of a band of outlaws. As the conversation progressed, the dark-brown eyes blazed, and I felt that it would be impossible for me to attempt to deceive the woman who was watching me so earnestly. Officially, she knew no word of English, but several times she started to reply before my words had been translated, which convinced me that she understood well every word I was saying. The rapid changes of expression on her face also led me to this conclusion. The interview concluded with these words from her Majesty: 'After all my country has suffered, I find she has but one friend in the world. That, Admiral, is the great country you represent.'

The author came away from the interview fully aware that he "had enjoyed the privilege of seeing the most remarkable woman in the world show her real feeling."

In approaching the city of Manila, Admiral Evans was curiously impressed by the sight of the stars and stripes flying in that part of the world. "It caused a curious sensation," he writes, "to see our beloved flag displayed over this foreign, tropical city, and I am not sure that I did not feel that it was out of place. However, there it was; it had cost many valuable lives to put it there, and it would cost many more before it could ever come down." This outcropping of sailor logic occurs again, even more characteristically, a few pages later, in describing a conversation with a malcontent native of influence and position. "One could not argue with such a fool," he concludes. "He, no doubt, represented a large class who were in a position to influence the feelings of the people. Education will in time remedy all this. If it does not, bullets and bayonets, I know, will."

With Admiral Evans's forced resignation (owing to illness) of the command of the fleet at San Francisco, and his retirement from the service soon afterward, we reach the end of the book—a tip-top yarn, one may be allowed to call it, in the vernacular familiar to the sailor-author. There are some interesting portraits and illustrations, of which the view of the fleet entering San Francisco harbor is the most impressive.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### NOVELS OR NOVELISTS?\*

Professor Phelps's book on "Modern Novelists" is extremely interesting. It is about novelists some of whom are familiar and some unfamiliar except by name; so that there is a pleasant variation of feeling about them, and yet a constant entertainment. The author knows all about them, too; so that one feels confident, as one proceeds, that one will have no hasty though brilliant superficialities. He is original and independent; so that we get the ideas of the critic instead of the conventionalities of current criticism. He (probably) differs from us in some respects; so that we can have, as we read, the pleasing superior confidence that we know more than he does, in some things at least.

This last feeling I have in one matter to an extreme degree: I feel that I know better than the author how his book should have been written. This is an idea not uncommon with critics and college professors, and in others I am apt to esteem it foolish. In this case, however, I think that Professor Phelps should have written on *Modern Novels* instead of *Modern Novelists*.

The biographical view of art or literature is very common nowadays. The reason is that almost everybody is interested in people, and very few in art, whether art in poetry, painting, music, or anything else. Hence a thousand persons, at least in America, like to hear what sort of man a given novelist is, for one who cares what sort of novels he writes. Of course Mr. Phelps does not carry his biographical tendency so far as to fill his pages with personal gossip such as one reads in the literary magazines of the day. He is generally interested in the ideas and standpoints of his author, his philosophy of life and his *Weltanschauung*; and he is so occupied with these things that he says very little about his novels as novels. You could read several of his essays, and, except by accident or other knowledge, you would not know that you were reading about a novelist rather than a dramatist, or even a poet or essayist. It is just as though critics wrote about Shakespeare without giving an idea that he was a writer of plays: indeed, that is the way they generally do write about him. Shakespeare's view of life is what people like: of his way of expressing that view, they care little and know less. Of course Mr. Phelps is not like that; he often alludes to the art of the

\* *ESSAYS ON MODERN NOVELISTS*. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Co.



novelist,—but he is so absorbed in the intellectual personality of his subjects that he says but little about it.

Now this position may be proper enough in some of the essays in this volume, but it is clearly inadequate in one—namely, that on Mrs. Humphry Ward. Of most novelists, Mr. Phelps is content to lay chief stress on the ideas. But Mrs. Ward he holds to be a poor novelist, and therefore he must direct his attention to her novels. But it appears to me that although he makes it clear enough that Mrs. Ward is not a keen or original observer, nor a deep thinker, he does not show that she does not write good novels.

A little more on this point will be to the present purpose. Mr. Phelps gives the impression that Mrs. Ward's reputation is only an immense vogue among women, and especially among the superficial readers of "best sellers"; and that it is founded mostly upon the social respectability of her books and her own journalistic sciolism. I am sure that this idea is incorrect. Mrs. Ward is read and admired by many of the most cultivated and acute novel-readers of this country. I have read only two of her later novels, but I know a number of people of taste and appreciation who have read more and thought highly of them. From "Lady Rose's Daughter" and "The Marriage of William Ashe," I have come to a different idea of her reputation from Mr. Phelps. I believe that while people like to read her partly because (as Mr. Phelps indicates) she flatters their idea that they are reading something very intellectual, dealing with great problems, etc., the chief reason that they read her is because she writes good novels; more particularly, because her novels are not only good, but in some especial directions extremely good. Mr. Phelps, with his eye on the novelist, does not perceive this.

It is hardly to the purpose to give here a critique on the art of Mrs. Ward, especially as it would have to be based on a recollection of two of her many books. I merely wish to point out that Mr. Phelps says almost nothing about it. He seems to think that she has no art, at least not enough to enable her to write "supremely well," and stand up to the test when "compared with the great masters of fiction." I feel sure that, however correct this view may be in its results, Mr. Phelps in stating it is neglecting a very important element in the study and criticism of fiction. Anybody who talks even a little with novelists of the day will perceive that they think there is something about

novel-writing which is called "technique." They usually think, also, that they have more of this article than Scott, and doubtless other classic novelists, though Scott is the one with whom they usually compare themselves. Their idea is that Scott is a greater man, has a bigger view of life, a better grasp of character, a finer appreciation of nature, than they, so that his books are fundamentally more interesting than theirs; but that in technique he is inferior. In this view I think they are fairly correct; that is, there is at present a knowledge of a certain sort of technique in novel-writing that Scott did not have. This technique may be something really fine, or it may not be; but its result is to make a book interesting, to make people want to go on reading it when they have begun. It does not provide the novelist with ideas, but when he has any ideas it shows him how to handle them so as to be interesting.

Just what this "technique" is, I have never been able to find out; nor is it of any importance here, except to note that it consists largely of manipulation of plot so as to be interesting. This is only one element in the Complete Art of Novel-writing; but it is an important one. It has been analyzed in various ways by different critics, and more or less obscurely understood by many novelists. But however analyzed and however understood, it seems to me that there is a certain way of telling a story that is better than other ways, in that it is interesting to the human mind in general. I should say that the "way" that was most widely and lastingly powerful was the best technique. How lasting is the power of Mrs. Ward's method, I will not undertake to say. I fear it is not very permanent; but that it is very wide in its appeal, including cultured and uncultured alike, seems to me obvious. In other words, she has art in her way more than Mark Twain or Sienkiewicz, though they have in their ways more art than she, perhaps, or certainly more genius. And her way is more specifically the art of the novelist. Mrs. Ward is best to be compared with Sudermann. Both give superficial views on life in the guise of deep delvings in the mines of truth; both instinctively play to the galleries. But both are great masters of one element (and that the same) of the art of novel-writing.

Now all the preceding may be nonsense in detail. If it were my business to criticize Mrs. Ward, I should have to do it differently. But however wrong in detail, the main point is sensible enough—namely, that there is an art of fiction, and that Mrs. Ward knows something about it, and that



Mr. Phelps, in his interest in ideas and subject-matter, in life and criticism of life, has forgotten to say much of anything on the subject.

But, it may be asked, why should he say anything about it, if he prefers to write about something else? Why should not a man, even if he be especially well-read on something you think important, write on something that he thinks important? Why would it not be well for you to write about Novels if you wish, and let Mr. Phelps write about Novelists? The main reason is that Mr. Phelps himself really thinks that what I am talking about is the most important thing. He thinks that to concern oneself solely with novelists and their ideas is but a partial and incomplete way of studying literature. He says that "the two most beneficial ways to study a novel are to regard it, first, as an art-form, and secondly, as a manifestation of intellectual life" (p. 249); that "the real object [of university study of novels] is to persuade him [the student] to read them intelligently, to observe the difference between good novels and bad, and so to become impatient and disgusted with cheap, sensational, and counterfeit specimens of the novelist's art" (p. 248). It is true that this is said of a student's reading; but I believe it refers just as well to a professor's writing.

Not that Mr. Phelps says nothing of the art of the novelist. He almost always does say something about it. But he usually mentions it as though it were something to be taken for granted, something that everybody knew all about, something quite obvious. But the art of the novelist is just the reverse of all this. It is something very subtle, something that comparatively few people know anything about, something that would bear much explanation. If a novelist's art be good, it will usually effect its purpose without our knowing that it is there. And that is the reason why it would be immensely interesting if anyone so well-read as Mr. Phelps, in both theory and practice, would write criticism with a special view to it. We have had so much of criticism of life, of *Weltanschauung*, of *impressions de la vie*, that the other thing would be a delight. It might create a new epoch in the history of criticism.

But just now I note that a prominent journal calls this book "a volume that bids fair to form a distinct and permanent landmark in the history of fiction." I do not think so. But let everyone that cares which is right read the book and see. There is fun enough in that, anyway.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

#### THE LORE AND ROMANCE OF THE FAN.\*

The flutter of a fan has often proved a momentous trifle. For the fan has been the pride and glory of kings and the plaything of queens; it has made and unmade ministers, airily disposed of great affairs of state. It has masqued a coquette's heart, beckoned a prince to try his fate in love, waved a general gaily off to war, inspired poets, hidden and evoked blushes, broken hearts and mended them. And all this it has been doing, if not ever since Eve walked in her garden, certainly since Cleopatra sailed up her Nile. A Spanish tale, recounted fittingly on a painted fan, declares that the first fan was a wing which Cupid tore from the back of Zephyrus, to fan Psyche as she slept on a bed of roses. The story has many variants, but all agree that Love created the fan, as he animates its most effective uses.

And now this trifle light as air has achieved due recognition of its real importance; modern research has turned a search-light upon it, and its complete history has been written. This fills a bulky quarto volume, whose royal proportions are fittingly dedicated to the Princess of Wales, gracious patron of fan-makers and owner of many rare examples of their art. The text is by Mr. G. Woolliscroft Rhead. There are many illustrations from plates made by the most skilled engravers; and the edition is limited, in proportion to the beauty of embellishment and the somewhat esoteric interest of the text.

Mr. Rhead makes the most of the varied appeal — archaeological, artistic, human — of his airy subject. The earlier chapters are of a curious interest chiefly. In Egypt, Assyria, and India, the fan, like the other features of their ancient civilizations, was primitive, — a useful fly-whisk or a richly ornate sacerdotal symbol or royal standard. It was left for China and Japan — the two lands of fans — to re-shape the crude early models; to press into service ivory, silk, tortoise-shell, and mother-of-pearl; to carve, lacquer, gild, and paint these rich materials till they were more than ever things of beauty; to invent the folding-fan, — and finally to send their pretty treasures off to Europe in the ships of Portuguese traders, to set the western world agog over a new toy.

It was the Japanese who invented the dagger fan, in appearance an ordinary lacquered folding fan, but in reality a sheath containing a deadly

\*HISTORY OF THE FAN. By G. Woolliscroft Rhead. Illustrated in color, etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

blade; and this brought their other invention, the folding-fan, into disrepute, so that a kind which only half closed was adopted as official court fan. There were special fans for every occasion in Japan. Indeed, so important a part did (and does) the fan play in Japanese life that the greatest artists were not above decorating it. Tadahira, it is said, painted upon a fan a cuckoo that gave forth its characteristic note whenever the fan was opened, and Tsunenori drew a lion so lifelike that other beasts fled before it.

Beautiful as were the old Japanese fans, it took France and the eighteenth century to produce the Golden Age of the art. *Conversations Galantes* furnished at once the best opportunity for adroit manipulation of the fan, and the ideal motive for its decoration. Spanish and Italian ladies got their fans from Paris; witness Goldoni's comedy, where the pother was all about a cheap little French fan, "not worth perhaps five paoli." Cano de Arevalo, a Spanish painter, took advantage of this vogue for Parisian fans to "fake" a number of them. His trick was discovered; but, by a logic that took small account of morals, he was thereupon hailed as a master and appointed fan-maker to the queen. If the French fan-painters were the acknowledged masters, the Spanish makers were wonderfully skilful in designing and decorating the sticks; and the Spanish cavaliers and señoritas were the first to invent a fan language, which was later translated for the belles and beaux of other nations.

During the first part of the eighteenth century the great vogue of fans led to the making of the engraved sort—the fan of the people, the poor relation of the aristocratic painted fan. This new type speedily became the newspaper of the day. Royal foibles and adventures, fashions, politics, ballooning, scenes from plays and operas, all are depicted, usually with satirical or humorous verses by way of comment, on the engraved fan-mounts. In France, Marlborough was lampooned, the woes of Louis were mocked at or sympathized with, Napoleon's ups and downs were chronicled. In England the marriage of the Crown Princess and the Prince of Orange was such a popular subject that Jonathan Pinchbeck's fan, which appeared first, was counterfeited, and the war between his Nassau fan and its New Nassau rival waged long and merrily in "The Craftsman's" advertising columns.

"Church-fans" appeared in England in the early part of the century, as a result of comments in the public journals on the unsuitability

of the fan mounts often brought to church. A good woman's heart divided among the cardinal virtues formed the chaste design of the first church-fan, which was speedily followed by a more pretentious one published under the patronage of the Bishop of London, and by "chapel-fans" for dissenting ladies. To the next century belongs the feathered fan of Hassein Dey, which actually caused a war; for Hassein hit the French consul over the head with his plumed fan, and refused to apologize, — whereupon the French promptly set about the conquest of Algeria.

Mr. Rhead's work is of course only incidentally anecdotal. Passing fashions, in size, shape, decoration, and carving, are chronicled in detail. Illustrations are carefully described, and the fans of various periods and schools duly appraised as *objets d'art*. For an art fan-making has been; and, after a period of sad decline at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it is an art still. Charles Conder's Red Fan, and Mr. Frank Brangwyn's Blue one, both reproduced in this book in full color, are comparable to any of the Italian masterpieces or the dainty marvels of the Great Age of Louis XV.

The collector and the connoisseur will not fail to appreciate this, the first comprehensive history of fan-making in English. We have tried to point out its interest for the casual reader. Its beauty of illustration cannot be overpraised. Twenty-seven colored plates, five times as many half tones, and innumerable little line drawings, reproduce fans odd, marvellous, unique, and beautiful, in generous profusion. Indeed, the work is an art treasure as truly as many of the famous fans it describes and depicts.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

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#### PRINCIPLES OF ARCHITECTURAL EXPRESSION.\*

It is with a sense of personal loss that the reviewer of the first volume of Sturgis's masterly *History of Architecture* opens the second volume to let his thoughts dwell upon its pages with critical intent. Before the proof-sheets of this volume were corrected, he who had travelled so widely, had seen so clearly and felt so deeply, and, returning, had interested, instructed, and inspired his fellows with his accumulated knowledge and enriched spirit, had journeyed to that

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\* A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. By Russell Sturgis, A.M. Volume II., Romanesque and Oriental. Illustrated in photogravure, etc. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

bourne whence no traveller returns, and whose towers and palaces we must as yet be content to see through the inspired eye of imagination. It was not to discourage him, nor to undervalue the great work that Mr. Sturgis had undertaken, that the reviewer suggested the possible advantage, to the student of life's deeper and richer expression, of a certain line of attack in historical research and presentation. General history is written to-day from the ethnic and psychological standpoint; and why not also architectural history? In the preface to the present volume, almost the last word which Mr. Sturgis ever wrote is his acknowledgment of *THE DIAL*'s "suggestive" criticism (March 1, 1907) and the statement of his reason for not heeding the suggestion. The reason given does not altogether satisfy. It shows, not the bold imagination of the great explorer venturing out upon the main, but rather the studied caution of the coastwise trader. "The arts of design," says this preface, "are the result of the artistic impulse in man, of his disposition to record, to explain, what is beautiful in the world of nature, and to refine and beautify the work of man. That is enough for the artist to know. A lifetime of study and thought will not suffice to unfold all the charm and all the mystery of that simple creed. . . . Artistic beauty lies in light and shade and color: artistic interest lies in the skilful combination of those simple elements." But artistic truth is measured by broader standards; and to know whether the artist is true to his age and environment one must know something of the life and thought and character of that age as well as the superficial aspects of its artistic expression. It is a profound subject, of high import to the student of life; and a history of architecture will some day be written in this spirit, but possibly not before many another critical history has been published.

The Oriental styles lend themselves to such treatment much more readily than do the phases of the Romanesque treated in this volume, and the author's lesser intimacy with the details of Oriental architecture has permitted his thought to run more parallel to the suggested channel. Throughout his exposition of the Moslem architecture of Persia, India, Egypt, of the architecture of Japan, China, and southwestern Asia, one feels the author's subconscious relating of the art to the life and environment of the peoples. The chapters on the Romanesque are handled very much after the manner of the first volume, with thorough understanding and appre-

ciation, which histories on kindred lines can do little more than augment. In the chapters on Oriental architecture there is too much matter in the text which performs the function of the footnote and should be relegated to that position. The volume is very attractive in its illustrations, typography, and mechanical make-up, maintaining the high standard set by Volume I.

The preparation of the third volume is to be undertaken by Mr. Arthur L. Frothingham, who, receiving his education abroad, has devoted his life to the study of architecture and archaeology. With the full notes left by Mr. Sturgis, and the thorough sympathy in which Mr. Frothingham holds the original author's point of view, we may expect the third volume harmoniously as well as adequately to round out this great work. The history is on so large a scale that it would seem that its component volumes might well have been brought to more dignified conclusion. One turns a page in Volume I. expecting a summing up of the Imperial Roman period, and finds that the end already is reached. The last sentence of Volume II., while it relates to certain architectural ornamentation, might apply with equal force to the literary form of the history: a great period and a great volume are dismissed with a description of trivial detail. This may seem hypercritical, but the work is of such magnitude and of such inherent value that the impression carried from it should be commensurate with its dignity, and undoubtedly Mr. Frothingham will take cognizance of this in the literary structure of the third and last volume of the work.

IRVING K. POND.

AN important document from the Temple Library of Nippur has been deciphered by Professor Hilprecht, the indefatigable archaeologist. From among the tablets which he has been the means of disinterring and preserving, and which are now in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania, he has found one containing a part of the "Babylon deluge story." It is the oldest extant written record of that event, antedating the Bible account of the deluge by at least a thousand years, and is about fifteen hundred years older than the similar fragmentary record from the library of Ashurbanapral. The tablet in question is of unbaked clay, measuring nearly three inches in length, somewhat less in width, and seven-eighths of an inch thick. Its date is assigned by its discoverer as about two thousand B. C. A translation of as much as is decipherable in this ancient document has been made by Professor Hilprecht. It briefly describes the threatened flood, and gives a few general directions for the building of a "houseboat."



## RECENT FICTION.\*

A novel ten years old is not often remembered at all. But those who read "The Gadfly," which was published about that number of years ago, not only remember it but think of it as a singularly impressive work. The announcement of a new novel by Mrs. Voynich is therefore calculated to arouse more than usual anticipations, and the statement that this new novel is in some sense a sequel to "The Gadfly" is enough to excite the liveliest interest. We say "in some sense" because the former novel brought the career of its hero to a close, and its successor harks back to an adventurous earlier career that was previously hinted at, but not disclosed. In "An Interrupted Friendship" we come across him as we accompany a French geographical expedition to the wilds of South America; and from the time when, a seemingly hopeless derelict, he becomes attached to the expedition in the character of interpreter, he attracts our attention until he becomes the figure of central importance in a group of which the other members are by no means devoid of interest. His enigmatic character, his amazing versatility, and his courage in the face of danger, make the men of his *entourage* seem almost colorless by comparison, and even the ostensible hero of the narrative recedes into the background. Thus far we have outlined something more than half the story; the lesser portion of it is concerned with the more familiar European scene, and ends with an account, sketched rather than described, of the Gadfly's career as a French journalist, and of his ill-fated share in the movement for the liberation of Italy. The story is intensely vivid from first to last, and grimly tragic as well; for the author has no mind to deal in sentimental consolations, nor does she invoke the conventional theory of poetic justice. An implacable and savage fate wreaks its will upon all the lives that seem best worth saving, and the clouds have no suggestion of a blue sky above them. But the book grips us, and, despite all its racking of our emotions, has the fascination of a true

work of art. Such books offer a salutary corrective for the smug self-deception about life that ordinary novels tend to develop.

Miss Ethel Stefana Stevens has given us, in "The Veil," an extraordinarily interesting story of the intermingled life of Arab and European in French North Africa. The scene is Tunis, and the European characters are mostly Sicilians. The central figures of the book are two natives—a crafty prophet with the ambition of a Mahdi, and a beautiful dancing woman, his creature and spy, who fascinates us from beginning to end of the narrative. Beside her, indeed, the Sicilian heroine is a colorless creature, although a fair match for the Sicilian hero, who is interesting but hardly inspiring. The tale is replete with adventure and rich in romantic coloring. It has, moreover, an historical basis in the Mohammedan uprising which only two years ago sought to wrest the holy city of Kairouan from its infidel possessors.

"The Rosary," by Mrs. Florence M. Barclay, is not a novel for the trifling reader, nor for the reader desirous of escaping with unworried emotions. The author has created a difficult situation, seemingly piling up obstacles for the satisfaction of overcoming them, and forcing the reluctant attention to become interested in a theme that is almost repellant. In the first place, she gives us a hero who is a gifted young artist and a worshipper of the beautiful, providing for him a heroine who is several years his senior and conspicuously plain of feature. Beneath this exterior, the artist discerns a beauty of soul that makes her the one woman in the world for him, and he woos her with grave passion. She, taken all aback by this unexpected assault upon her citadel, is moved to the tenderest affection, but her judgment cannot give consent, and she rejects her lover for what she believes to be his own good. Then she journeys abroad, and remains away from England until she hears that her suitor has been the victim of an accident which has left him totally blind. Following the dictates of her heart, she returns in the hope that she may be helpful; but the man, still deeply wounded in his pride, and wholly unaware that the woman had loved him all the time, refuses her plea that she may be permitted to come to him. She thereupon resorts to the extraordinary expedient of getting herself sent to him as his nurse and attendant, and thus, as a supposed stranger, she becomes his intimate companion. The deception is successfully carried on for months, and the author contrives to convince us, against our will, of its possibility. The task then becomes that of bringing these two high-strung souls, loyal to each other but still more loyal to their ideals, to a true understanding. The thing is done, delicately and by slow degrees; and we work up to an emotional climax that is simply overwhelming. It is not often that a novelist grapples successfully with a self-imposed problem so seemingly insoluble, or is able to make tolerable and even beautiful the most intolerable of all individual calamities. Mrs. Barclay

\*AN INTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP. By E. L. Voynich. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE VEIL. A Romance of Tunis. By Ethel Stefana Stevens. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE ROSARY. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE MAN OUTSIDE. By Wyndham Martin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE PRODIGAL FATHER. By J. Storer Clouston. New York: The Century Co.

TOWER OF IVORY. A Novel. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE FLORENTINE FRAME. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

BY INHERITANCE. By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

IRENE OF THE MOUNTAINS. A Romance of Old Virginia. By George Cary Eggleston. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

THE LORDS OF HIGH DECISION. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE PRICE OF LIS DORIS. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



has done all this, and in doing it has achieved an artistic triumph far out of the common.

Viscount Mountcastle, son and heir of the Earl of St. Vian, becomes engaged, and nearly married, to a girl who loves another man. Discovering the facts of the situation in the nick of time, he generously smooths the way for his rival. Then he determines to go out into the world as a plain commoner, and find out whether he can find a girl who will love him for his own *beaux yeux* and manly virtues. Possessing both, he does not look far. He takes quarters in a Bloomsbury boarding-house, and there discovers a charming American maiden. She is also the child of wealthy parents, and so a pretext has to be devised for her presence in this modest abode. He is fortunate in his first encounters, and rescues her from imminent peril within twenty-four hours of their first acquaintance. Then the scene shifts to Bruges, whither he follows her, and where he wins her heart by his prowess on the tennis-court, defeating sundry Belgian champions. Now is the time for the blow to fall, and it does so with a vengeance. An appeal is made to the girl to save her mother's honor by marrying a New York magnate, who holds some compromising letters. The daughter tearfully consents, and her lover is left *planté-là*. Thereupon he gets busy, discovers the secret, gets on the trail of the magnate (then cruising about in his yacht), captures the documents by a pretty bit of piracy, and sends them to the girl by registered post. The rest may be imagined, and the girl does not balk even when she learns that her lover is one of the proudest peers of the United Kingdom. It is a pleasant tale, crisply told, and without too many agonies; a trifling tale, but a vastly entertaining one. Its title is "The Man Outside," and it claims Mr. Wyndham Martin for its author.

Mr. J. Storer Clouston is a fantastic humorist of the type that "F. Anstey" made us acquainted with. His gladsome tale of "The Prodigal Father" tells us how James Heriot Walkinshaw, W.S., the crustiest of Scotch solicitors, the very personification of glacial dignity and correctness of bearing, found himself in failing health, and resorted to a practitioner whose methods were justly open to professional suspicion. The treatment given him had for its object the defeat of senescence by a restoration of his tissues to youthful vigor, and it proves so successful that the patient reverses his life, physiologically speaking, and grows younger at an alarming rate. As the process goes on, his actions become fairly scandalizing—he goes to London and plunges into a wild whirl of dissipation, he flings money right and left, he substitutes directness for circumlocution in his business, he makes love to a buxom widow and then jilts her as too old for him, and he abets the love affairs of his children, to which he had formerly opposed an unyielding front. When the story of his downward (or upward) career is broken off, he is left in a preparatory school where he stands first in the batting averages. Mr. Clouston tells this story in a vein of dry humor infused with

sentiment, and to highly entertaining effect. The narrative is rich in incidents, most of which are surprising, and displays a keen sense of character despite its fundamentally absurd motive.

When we first make the acquaintance of John Ordham, he is an idler in Munich, twenty-four years old. When we leave him, three or four years later, he bears one of the proudest titles in England, owns vast ancestral estates, and is a rapidly rising star in the diplomatic service. The external part of this transformation is wrought by the death of his elder brother; the more significant and spiritual part of it is the gift of tragic experience. This is the story told us in "Tower of Ivory," the latest novel by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. The *deus ex machina* of Ordham's fate is a woman thirteen years his senior—the divine artist whose Brünnhilde and Isolde have made her the idol of the Munich populace, and the favorite of the melancholy King. In her earlier days she had been Peggy Hill of the coal-mines in America, and a notorious character in the underworld of New York. But this is long since past, and we are given to understand that art has so purified and ennobled her that, as Margarethe Styr, she is wholly worthy of our admiration and of Ordham's love. The first meeting takes place in no less romantic a spot than Neuschwanstein, whither the artist has been commanded by the King for a midnight recital of his favorite music. We may here remark that from this time on discussion of the music-dramas of Richard Wagner occupies as considerable a part of the book as it does in the "Evelyn Innes" of Mr. George Moore, fulfilling here also the double purpose of being interesting as criticism and of revealing the character of the heroine. Ordham is admitted to intimate friendship with the singer, but their relations are irreproachable, and they do not realize what they have become to each other until separation has led to the self-revelation. The separation, in Ordham's case, means a return to England, and a fall into the trap set for him by an American heiress and the designing relatives on both sides. He thinks he is in love, thinks for a time after his marriage that he is happy, and then, when he realizes the contrast between his small-minded, selfish, and hysterical wife, and the true companion of his soul, realizes how fatal a mistake he has made. In a mad impulse, he rushes away to Munich, to be recalled almost immediately by the news of his wife's illness and of their still-born child. Soon after his wife's death, the story reaches its tragic denouement when the singer, as the only means of atonement for her own past, and of saving her lover's career from being ruined by a union with her, makes her last wild appearance as Brünnhilde, and turns the self-immolation in the closing scene of "Die Götterdämmerung" into an act of grim reality. This is the bare outline of a story which has so many of the elements of power that it seems ungrateful to speak of its defects. But it must be recorded that Mrs. Atherton's style is as stodgy as ever, that her passages of analysis and description are terribly long-winded, that she has hardly the faintest gleam of

humor, that her social commentary is too acrid to arouse sympathy, and that the garish coloring of "Ouida" is irresistibly suggested by her more ambitious pages. These are pretty serious matters, and they are all aspects of the artistic crudity out of which this strenuous novelist does not seem able to grow. Nevertheless, she can be impressive and almost convincing at times, perhaps never more nearly convincing than in the present elaborate setting-forth of the play of character under social and artistic pressure.

The freshness of treatment and the psychological insight which characterize "The Florentine Frame," by Miss Elizabeth Robins, rather more than offset the laxity of its style. The book is at least alive with thought, and displays much penetrative observation. There are only three characters that count — the opulent widow who is set apart from the common herd, not so much by wealth as by aristocratic temperament and refined instincts, her daughter, just budding into womanhood, and the young man who comes from the South to occupy a post in the University, and who develops into a dramatist of remarkable gifts. He is drawn with some difficulty into the companionship of the two women, becomes an intimate of their household, and benefits spiritually and materially by the association. His close relationship with the older woman resolves itself into affection, which would have led to its natural consummation had it not been for the girl, who imagines herself to be the object of Keith's worship, and ingenuously reveals to him the fact that he has but to speak. The mother, meanwhile, when her eyes are opened, shares in the daughter's self-deception, suppresses her own desires, and furthers the marriage to which reason points as suitable, although it means to her a heart-breaking sacrifice of self. This is literally true; for the wedded couple find their honeymoon brought to a sorrowful end by the news of the mother's death. Then comes the psychological climax, for the wife's intuition discovers the husband's secret, and she realizes that his heart has never been her own. The shock is so severe that it changes the face of life for her, and she is determined upon separation. In the end, this emotional tension is relaxed; Keith's genuine affection for his wife triumphs over her wild resolve, and she becomes reconciled to the life-bond which she has contracted, although the memory of the dead must forever dim the radiance of her romance. The title of this appealing tale is symbolical, the Florentine frame being a real frame, kept tenantless for many years by the older woman, because she could not find a portrait quite worthy of such a setting. She finds it at last, in the form of a Knight of Malta photographed from a famous painting — a striking anticipation of Keith's features — but the symbol is all that destiny has in store for her; the reality is framed in the heart of the child for whom her great renunciation is made.

Miss Alice French ("Octave Thanet") has taken to problem novels of recent years, and no less a problem than that of the American negro is the theme

of "By Inheritance," her latest work. But she goes about her delicate task very engagingly, and, although the problem is suggested in her opening chapter, it seems only incidental, and is not brought into the forefront of attention until we have become interested in a situation of the ordinary human sort, and in a group of such characters as the author has described many times before. The scheme of her story is based upon the transplantation of Miss Agatha Danforth from Massachusetts to Arkansas, her errand being that of ministering to the needs of a fever-stricken nephew. Miss Agatha, who is a wealthy spinster, has given much thought to the elevation of the negro race, and is imbued with the traditional New England idealism. She has known the sophisticated negro, and learned to think well of him, failing to perceive how fundamentally he is set apart in character from the white. When she comes to know the negro as the natural man in his Arkansas habitat, she suffers numerous severe mental shocks, and becomes slowly but completely disillusionized as the stern facts confront her. Much of her former theorizing is discovered to be thin and fantastic, and most of her former efforts are seen to have been misdirected. She realizes, among other things, that industrial training is much more needed by the negro than academic education, and that the "door of hope" is more likely than not, when opened to him, to lead to an *impasse* which will prove his ruin. Miss French does not pretend to solve the problem of the negro's future in this country, but she sees clearly certain things about his present status and prospects — things which nullify many of the aims of well-meaning philanthropy. Seeing these things, she does not hesitate to make them clear, and to draw the contrast between plausible theory and unyielding fact. There is nothing bitter or prejudiced in her account of the negro; she appreciates his good qualities to the full, and her touch is always generous and sympathetic. These remarks have led us away from the book in its aspect as a work of entertaining fiction, and we must not close them without reasserting its claim upon the interest of the reader who wishes a story and not a problem. He cannot quite avoid being made thoughtful now and then, but he is also furnished with a moderately exciting plot, and with the account of many vivid, dramatic, and human happenings.

There is a homely and wholesome air about the Southern novels of Mr. George Cary Eggleston that makes them welcome to the over-stimulated sense of readers of the kind of fiction now most in vogue. They are old-fashioned stories in both matter and manner, straightforward narratives in plain black and white, eschewing subtleties and problems, but developing a sentimental situation with blunt sincerity. "Irene of the Mountains" is a typical example, perhaps a little above the average of its predecessors, and we have read it with genuine satisfaction. It is the love-story of an untutored mountain girl and the scion of an old and aristocratic family, and the conclusion is happy. Its

scene is Virginia in the fifties or thereabouts, and Mr. Eggleston has a rich store of recollections of both place and period, from which he draws his incidents and constructs his descriptions.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson, having scaled the heights of commercial success and stood upon the peak of the "best sellers," seems now to have become ambitious to conquer the more difficult peak which signifies artistic success. He has made a considerable ascent upon this slope with the production of his "Lords of High Decision," which is a real novel of striking qualities, as far as possible removed from the romantic comedy of his "Port of Missing Men" and his "Little Brown Jug of Kildare." It is a story of Pittsburg, and the "lords" of its title are certain financial magnates of that rather begrimed city. Colonel Roger Craighill and his son Wayne are the central figures among the men,—the former a successful captain of industry and willing victim of the delusion of his own moral as well as financial stature, the latter a typical example of the American son of wealthy parents, self-indulgent to the point of drunkenness and a generally reckless course of existence. Since this youth is to serve as the hero, he must be invested with some good qualities, and the better self must overcome the worse as his career is unfolded. The redeeming influence, of course, must be that of a woman, and a suitable heroine is provided. We thus have one of the most conventional and hackneyed of situations, but Mr. Nicholson contrives to attach to it a sufficient variety of interesting incident, and to develop it with vigor and inventive skill. In several instances he has given us real characters—not symbols or puppets—and has invested their relations to one another with an uncommon degree of human interest. We hope that his work will be henceforth continued upon the lines of this energetic new departure.

When Cornelis Doris, a landscape painter by the grace of God, permitted a trickster to rob him of his just fame, and claim authorship of his inspired works, he carried self-abnegation considerably beyond the point at which it approves itself to the ethical sense. His motive was an overpowering emotion of gratitude for the trickster's wife, to whom from earliest childhood he had been bound by the ties of affection. It was she who, being several years his senior, had watched over his infancy, had encouraged his childish efforts to paint, had seen the artistic possibilities latent in his nature, and had contracted a loveless marriage with a man of wealth for the sole purpose of being able to provide for the training of her protégé. All this was cause for gratitude, no doubt, but the payment was out of proportion to the debt. It is the situation thus described that is developed in "The Price of Lis Doris," by "Maarten Maartens." The husband in question is a selfish and malicious person, an amateur of mediocre talents but eager for fame. He displays as his own the masterpieces that Lis has painted, and the artist acquiesces in the fraud out of love for his benefactress. He agrees, furthermore, to abandon landscape for portraiture, and in

that field of activity wins distinction and moneyed ease. The tragedy of his renunciation wrecks his life, but he keeps the faith, allowing no eyes to see the landscapes which he paints for his own secret delight. Even after the death of the man who has cheated him out of his birthright, he feels bound to save the man's reputation for the sake of the wife and son, and dies directing the destruction of the canvases which would have revealed his secret. It makes a moving and tender story, glowing with exalted feeling, and quivering with the sense of beauty, but its pathos is too unbearable, and one cannot justify a sacrifice, however heroically pitched, that involves the perpetuation of so base a fraud. After the death of Lis, the truth indeed comes out, but poetic justice requires that it should have come out before. The scene of this story is in the author's own land, a village and country scene for the most part. It is delightfully intimate in its depiction of both nature and life, and in its confidential running comment. In this latter respect, it reminds us a good deal of Mr. De Morgan, who warms us with a similar quality of sunny optimism, and has the same power to bring warm tears to our eyes. It is not only the principals in this story who deserve mention, for the writer's delicate art has drawn for us numerous minor figures that are strikingly individual,—the gentle and long-suffering dominie, his domineering wife, the "religious grocer" who was the hero's father, the impecunious drawing-master, and several others almost as convincing. This is the best book that "Maarten Maartens" has given us for many years.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Man's conquest of the mosquito.*

The story of the successful fight which modern science, in the guise of preventive medicine, is making in the tropics against age-long foes of plague and pestilence, and the even more ineradicable enemies, not confined to tropics or barbarians, of superstition, ignorance, and prejudice, is ably told in Sir Robert Boyce's "Mosquito or Man" (Dutton). The author is Director of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, and as such has shared in and directed numerous sanitary expeditions to the fever-ridden coasts of Africa, Asia, Central America, and the Amazons. There is probably no one who is more familiar with the conquest of the tropics for modern civilization by means of mosquito control, and the prevention of diseases, such as malaria, yellow fever, and sleeping sickness, by the destruction of the insect carriers of their germs, than Dr. Boyce. The book is therefore a capital first-hand authoritative account of actual practice, and not a second-hand compilation, as are most popular books dealing with the subject. Photographs of the actual field-work, and copies of police and sanitary regulations, as well as summaries of methods and results, are freely used to illustrate the



method and progress of the work. The growth of sanitation in the tropics and elsewhere in recent years, and the obstacles of miasm, tradition, and prejudice, are discussed at length. The method of conduct of an anti-malarial campaign is well elaborated, as are also the preventive measures used against yellow fever. Much of the illustrative material for the latter is drawn from the late New Orleans campaign. Sleeping sickness, hookworm disease, goats'-milk or Malta fever, dengue, plague, leprosy, and tuberculosis, are also briefly treated in a popular way. The history of the discovery of the secret of malaria, and of insect transmission of its germ, is related but only partially, for no mention is made of the very essential pioneer discoveries of Grassi, the Italian zoologist, who shares with Dr. Ross the honor of the initial discoveries which have brought health to stricken peoples, and are destined ultimately to exterminate certain diseases from all habitable lands. Dr. Boyce has been most generous in according mention of work in our own land, and in Cuba and the Philippines; but he seems not to have heard of the American hookworm! Doubtless the second edition will relate the progress of the campaign against this germ of laziness, and will also afford the author an opportunity to eradicate a number of complicated and obscure sentences which mar an otherwise very readable book, and one of great practical interest to all communities where malaria lurks or mosquitos sing.

*Echoes of the  
Darwinian  
centenary.*

Of books called forth by the occurrence of the centennial anniversary of Darwin's birth, the end appears not even yet to be in sight. To the volumes officially issued in connection with both the English and American commemorative ceremonies, Professor Edward B. Poulton was a contributor. By dint of reprinting these addresses, and three others given in connection with the same events but not printed in the official volume, together with an account of the celebration of the Darwin centenary at Oxford and a few hitherto unpublished Darwin letters, this author is able to make a Darwin centenary book, "Charles Darwin and the Origin of Species" (Longmans, Green & Co.). Mr. Poulton is an orthodox Neo-Darwinist of the most extreme and reactionary type. With Wallace, to whom the present volume is dedicated, and Weismann, he stands as one of the very few who still cling to the fetish of the *Allmacht* of the cumulative selection of minute variations as the *vera causa* of evolution. All the results of the analytical and experimental study of the problems of evolution, which have made the decade just past the most fruitful of new knowledge and new viewpoints in this field of biology of any period since Darwin's own work was done, are to Poulton of no significance as regards fundamental problems. He holds that the "only fundamental changes in the doctrine [of evolution] given to us in 1858 and 1859 are those brought about by the researches and the

thoughts of Weismann." This, fortunately, is an opinion held by but very few people. Three of the addresses deal with Darwin's personality, the development of his ideas, and historical matters connected with his life. Two have to do with an exposition of Mr. Poulton's well-known views as to the origin and significance of the coloration of butterflies. The nineteen letters to Mr. Roland Trimen, here printed for the first time, form an interesting addition to existing Darwiniana. Full, as were all Darwin's letters, of the most acute and stimulating observations and opinions on the scientific matters which were under discussion, these also show the extreme modesty, genial and cordial anxiety to help others, and kindly, quiet humor, which appear through his correspondence. The following bit is characteristic: "Many thanks for your Photograph, and I send mine; but it is a hideous affair—merely a modified, hardly an improved, Gorilla." Four appendices, dealing with controversial matters, and an excellent index, complete the volume.

*Aspects and  
contrasts of  
American life.*

Sane and sensible, as a rule, and eminently readable always, are Professor Brander Matthews's occasional collections of essays on literary, dramatic, social, or practical themes. Nearly half a score of these attractive volumes have now appeared, the latest of which is entitled "The American of the Future, and Other Essays" (Scribner). The title essay in this collection of fifteen public addresses and other utterances is an optimistic forecast of our future in respect to our conglomerate but always preponderatingly patriotic population. Our ability to assimilate the foreigner is now, as it has been in the past, something remarkable; and the so-called alien element is proportionately no larger now than it has been for more than a century. In a chapter contrasting the Americans and the British, Professor Matthews calls attention to the Englishman's "habit of fighting for his own hand" which has developed "a certain hardness," an almost frankly brutal manner in word and deed. "The same desire to give pain," he remarks, "is visible in the long history of British literary criticism, from Gosson's 'School of Abuse' to Pope's 'Dunciad,' and from the quarterly reviewers of a century ago to the violent vulgarity of the *Saturday Review* to-day." Arrogant Dr. Johnson and urbane Benjamin Franklin, the loudly scornful Carlyle and the courteous and gentle Emerson, are offered as contrasting examples of the British and the American manner of bearing oneself, in life and in letters. Good chapters on American humor, the question of the theatre, reform and reformers, standards of success, and a dozen other topics, are to be found in the book. As was to be expected, Simplified Spelling comes in for a chapter; and the author has shown the courage of his convictions, and the indulgence of his publishers, by spelling in his own wild fashion throughout, even when making quotations. He has

also misspelled the middle name of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, giving it a superfluous *l*—surely not in the interest of simplified spelling. On the whole, the book is rich in thought, and treats of timely topics in a scholarly way.

*The Professor  
out of school.*

Wit not too erudite, and fancy not too riotous, have joined hands in Professor Grant Showerman's book, "With the Professor" (Holt), and they gracefully trip it as they go, on the light fantastic toe, through three hundred and sixty pages of delightful fooling (and some seriousness). *Desipere in loco* is an art of which this incumbent of a Latin Literature chair proves himself to be a master. With a resolute determination not to take himself and his colleagues and his profession too seriously, the author disports himself at the Professor's expense through twelve sprightly chapters dealing with various aspects of college life and of education in general. In the opening essay, "A Prelude on Pessimism," he strikes the keynote of the book, a sort of cheerful derision, or gleeful sarcasm, or good-humored pessimism, punctuated (as the cant phrase puts it) with all manner of droll conceits, odd quips, and playful sallies. But there's many a serious word said in all this jest; and it is so well said, with so apt and evidently unstudied employment of classic quotation and neat literary allusion, that the lesson of the book, so far as it has a lesson, is learned without sense of effort or anything but entertainment on the reader's part. Occasionally, in the laudable and admirably successful endeavor to throw off the professorial manner, the writer goes a little further than necessary in making his style familiar and colloquial. Twice in a single chapter he allows himself to use the barbarism "enthuse." Could complaisance in a finished classical scholar go beyond that? Sometimes, too, he is a bit hackneyed—as in his definitions of optimist and pessimist: one seeing the doughnut and the other the hole; one thinking all milk cream, and the other all cream milk, etc. If he had included the heraldic definition of *pessimist couchant* as one who has lived too long with an *optimist rampant*, he would have added freshness to his collection. Most of these chapters have already passed muster in various magazines, but are still of a breezy quality that revives the fagged brain.

*The future life  
from various  
points of view.*

The perennially interesting because persistently baffling question of the soul's immortality is debated by nine eminent authors in a volume entitled "In After Days: Thoughts on the Future Life" (Harper.) The several chapters have already appeared in print, but their collective issue is welcome. The manner of treating this engrossing topic falls, in each instance, under one of three general heads. Messrs. Howells and Higginson and Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward offer consolation to the bereaved, giving warmth and persuasiveness to

their words by the introduction of personal experience or personal conviction. Messrs. Henry M. Alden and Henry James are philosophical and speculative, as is also Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, with the addition of historical and literary illustration and reference. Dr. William Hanna Thomson and Mr. John Bigelow enforce their utterances with biblical citations and the vocabulary of devotion, Mr. Bigelow also giving abundant evidence of his strong Swedenborgianism. Mr. Henry James, writing at some length, is as tortuous and subtle and little conclusive as his fondest admirers could wish. Curiously suggestive of his brother's "Will to Believe" is the novelist in the following: "If one acts from desire quite as one would from belief, it signifies little what name one gives to one's motive. By which term action I mean action of the mind, mean that I can encourage my consciousness to acquire that interest, to live in that elasticity and that affluence, which affect me as symptomatic and auspicious. I can't do less if I desire, but I should n't be able to do more if I believed." Each chapter has prefixed the portrait of its author, the volume thus being a valuable collection of photographs of two kinds—mental and physiognomical.

*Memorial edition  
of the works of  
George Meredith.*

The period following Meredith's death has naturally been prolific of books about him. Early appreciations have been reprinted, reminiscences and anecdotes have been recalled; we have had introductions to his novels, interpretations of his philosophy, analyses of his character-study, of his sense of humor, of his style. But as all this is only significant either as preface or incentive to the reading of Meredith himself, so the finest tribute paid him by any publisher is the inception, by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, in connection with his trustees and his English publishers, of a sumptuous "Memorial Edition" of his works, to be completed in about twenty-seven volumes. Two of these, "Richard Feverel" and "The Shaving of Shagpat," have already appeared. Fine paper (water-marked with the author's initials), large, clear type, and a plain and dignified binding of silk cloth, characterize the "Memorial Edition." A distinctive feature is the illustrations, three or four to a volume, all reproduced in photogravure. These will include scenes associated with the novels and poems, houses where Meredith lived and wrote, several portraits, and reproductions of many of the original illustrations, by Millais, Du Maurier, and others, which accompanied the novels and poems when they were first published in magazine form. The principal additions to the text will be the new novel "Celt and Saxon," and an unfinished comedy "The Sentimentalists" (now being played in London), besides incomplete essays and short stories, and, to the volumes of poems, some unpublished stanzas for "Love in the Valley" and an early draft of "The Head of Bran."

A collection  
of literary  
anecdotes.

It is the small but significant traits, the less-guarded actions, the involuntary gestures and acts of self-revelment, that most intimately engage our interest in the lives of great men and women. The formal biographies we read, and are glad to read, as preserving for us the grand outlines of noble and inspiring personalities; but the anecdotal gleanings of informal biography have a human flavor and a living reality that is often lacking in the studied narrative. "Stories of Authors" (Sturgis & Walton Co.), by Professor Edwin Watts Chubb, is a book designed to appeal to the young student and to the general reader, and to kindle in the breast that spark of literary enthusiasm, of passionate attachment to what is best in the world of books, which the more laborious manuals commonly fail of doing. The book contains seventy-one short chapters, touching on the characteristics of the great English authors from Chaucer to Mr. Kipling, and of the great American authors from Benjamin Franklin to Eugene Field. "Every article," says Professor Chubb in his preface, "has been written, selected, or adapted, because of some special value," though which of these three methods has been followed in each instance is not always expressly indicated or otherwise made apparent. In a certain sense, the plan of the book is better than its execution, inasmuch as the manifest difficulty of finding fresh and entertaining as well as authoritative matter for each chapter has often made it necessary to draw on the standard biographies and reprint what is already more or less familiar to the reading world. To the young and little read, however, the volume should prove interesting and stimulating.

Legends and  
folk-lore of the  
City of Mexico.

Mexico, with traditions both Indian and Spanish, both ecclesiastical and political, and with an unusually large class of people among whom folk-tales originate, develop, and are perpetuated, is especially rich in folk-lore. Mr. Thomas A. Janvier has made a valuable contribution to the treasures of the folk-lore, in his "Legends of the City of Mexico" (Harper.) As stories for the general reader, they have been subjected to the *experimentum crucis* by publication in a popular magazine. In their present form, as a contribution to the scientific collection of folk-tales, their value is enhanced by the addition of an introductory chapter and an appendix containing explanatory notes. The legends, as Mr. Janvier says in his Introduction, have been found, not made, by him; and he has been exceedingly happy in the manner in which he has presented them to his readers, having taken them down from the lips of one of the class which is given to the preservation of folk-tales, in the colloquial Mexican-Spanish which is especially fitted to be their medium. In his translation of them he has preserved the *naïveté* of the Mexican narrator to a remarkable degree. To one familiar with the City of Mexico, the localization of the various legends give them a still deeper interest.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

The Open Court Publishing Co. have just issued a translation of Francesco Redi's "Experiments on the Generation of Insects," by Miss Mab Bigelow. The work of this Jesuit physician, naturalist, and poet is interesting from the fact that he was one of the first to argue against the popular notion of spontaneous generation. The work now translated was published in 1668, and it is from the fifth edition (1688) that the present translation has been made.

Mr. Robert Haven Schaffler's series of anthologies devoted to the days we celebrate now includes a "Washington's Birthday" volume, made up of essays, poems, stories, and bits of historical characterization suitable for school exercises. The real rather than the mythological Washington is here delineated — "a lovable, fallible, very human personality, with humor, a hot temper, and a genuine love of pleasure." Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. publish the volume.

Mrs. Florence Jackson Stoddard presents the first collection thus far made of the folk-tales of Cuba and the West Indies, "As Old as the Moon" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) In the first division of the book she gives the cosmo-genetic myths of the aborigines; in the second, the folk-tales that originated at the time of the advent of the Europeans; and in a third division, the folk-tales of the slaves of the later days. These do not differ materially from similar tales of the Indians under like conditions elsewhere; and what fascination the book may have for young readers, for whom it seems to be primarily intended, will depend much upon the individual taste. But the book will be of value to the student of folk-lore and suggestive of a field for further and closer investigation.

No matter how many editions of "The Compleat Angler" the lover of that ever-verdant classic may have upon his shelves, we can assure him that, if he be a proper Waltonite, he must find a way to possess also the edition recently produced at the Riverside Press under Mr. Bruce Rogers's oversight. In no other modern setting that we know of has the fresh and quaint flavor of the text been so happily embodied in the typographical arrangement and general form. By omitting the supererogatory second part by Cotton, it has been possible without sacrifice of large type and liberal margins to bring the volume into pocket dimensions — surely an important consideration in the case of so "pocketable" a classic as the "Angler." The woodcuts of fish in the first edition have been worthily re-engraved by Mr. Lamont Brown, and there are a few appropriate ornaments and initials. Five hundred copies only are offered for sale.

Every scrap of fact relating in any way to Shakespeare is of interest, especially when it concerns him so intimately as the matter published by Professor C. W. Wallace in the March "Harper." No such light is thrown upon Shakespeare in the pamphlet before us entitled "Globe Theatre Apparel," which Professor Wallace has privately printed for presentation only; but it brings John Hemynges, the business manager of his Company at the Globe, and certain members of the Duke of York's Company, into the range of our observation. The three legal documents that constitute the pamphlet are the papers in a suit brought in 1612 by Hemynges to recover £20 from Joseph Taylor of the Duke of York's Company, for players' apparel the



latter had got from the former. The dreary dullness of these documents gives us some idea of the brain-wearying, heart-breaking labor Professor Wallace must have done to make his discoveries.

#### NOTES.

An exquisitely printed volume of "Poems by Winthrop Mackworth Praed," selected and arranged by Mr. Ferris Greenslet, is published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

A volume on "Governmental Action for Social Welfare" has been prepared by Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks for Macmillan's "American Social Progress Series."

The book upon which the late A. J. Butler was engaged at the time of his death—"The Forerunner of Dante"—was nearly completed, and will be published shortly by the Oxford University Press.

"Tennyson" was the subject chosen by Professor William Paton Ker for the Leslie Stephen lecture at Oxford last November, and the essay is now published in a small volume by the Messrs. Putnam.

Eight "Indian Speeches" made by Lord Morley during the past three years are now collected by the Macmillan Co. into a volume, to which is appended an important selection of state papers bearing upon the same subject.

A "Handbook to the Works of Dante" is written by Mr. F. J. Snell, and published by the Macmillan Co. It is a useful little manual, analyzing the works in some detail, and containing critical and biographical chapters which give us most of the essentials.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw persistently refuses to let the reading public share in the pleasure of seeing his new plays. Instead, he will give us this spring a small volume entitled "Socialism and Superior Brains," with a frontispiece portrait of the author taken by himself.

A literary statistician calls our attention to the fact that out of the three hundred and seventy-five volumes (excluding translations) in "Everyman's Library," thirty-six, or almost ten per cent, are reprints from American authors. This is certainly a creditable showing for our youthful literature.

The excellent "Child's Guides" series published by the Baker & Taylor Co. has suffered somewhat from the limitations of its title; the books being in fact not addressed primarily to children but to amateurs and beginners generally. A change of title to "The Guide Series" has therefore wisely been decided upon.

The spring announcements of the Newold Publishing Co., New York, include "Greece in Evolution," ten studies by well-known continental writers, with a preface by the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke; "Irish Song Lore," by Mr. James Redfern Mason; "The Garden at 19," a novel by Mr. Edgar Jepson; and a new work of fiction by Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt, author of "The Little Brown Brother."

"The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation," by Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, is now published at the Columbia University Press in a third edition, considerably enlarged and in part rewritten. It is eleven years since the original publication of the work, and much fresh material, especially in connection with municipal taxation, and the taxation of instruments of credit, has been provided for the investigator.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons publish a library edition of "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," which reproduces the work in its unmutated form, as it was edited and published some thirty years ago by Mr. John Bigelow, the owner of the original manuscript. An interesting introduction tells how the manuscript came into Mr. Bigelow's possession.

"The Story of Opera," by Mr. E. Markham Lee is a new volume in the "Music Story" series, published by the Messrs. Scribner. There are many illustrations, including examples of musical notation. The same publishers, in their "Makers of British Art" series, send us a biography of Sir J. E. Millais, by Mr. J. Eadie Reid, also with many illustrations.

"The Tramp," a sixpenny monthly addressed to "all who are sick of stuffiness in art, life, literature, and magazines," has just made its appearance in London. An interesting miscellany of articles, stories, and verses is contained in the first issue. American lovers of the open, as well as their English brethren, should welcome this blithe new-comer in the periodical world.

The "American Addresses at the Second Hague Peace Conference," as delivered by Messrs. Joseph H. Choate, Horace Porter, and James Brown Scott, are now published by Messrs. Ginn & Co. for the International School of Peace. This volume, dignified in both appearance and contents, is edited by Mr. Scott, and is a credit to the country, the cause, and the authors.

The Marquis de la Mazelière's "Le Japon: Historie et Civilisation" (Paris: Plon) is now complete in five volumes, the two just received covering the period 1854-1910. The analytical study of modern Japan given us in these concluding volumes is of great value, being both precise in statement and intelligent in discussion. The volumes have numerous illustrations.

Gilder memorial fellowships in Columbia University, for the promoting of the cause of good citizenship and the honoring of an eminent worker in that cause, are to be established if the present endeavor to raise a fund meets with success. Research in political and social science will be pursued by the holders of these fellowships; and they will have, as incitement to good work, the memory of a fine example of civic usefulness. It is hoped to raise a fund of a hundred thousand dollars.

A "Life of John Brown of Harper's Ferry," by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, one of the editors of the New York "Evening Post," is announced for early Fall publication by the Houghton Mifflin Co. Mr. Villard has devoted years to his task, and has made exhaustive examination of original documents, contemporary letters, and living witnesses, whenever they were to be found, utilizing materials never before drawn upon, and discovering others whose existence has heretofore been unknown.

Among the Spring publications of Messrs. Paul Elder & Co. are the following: "By The Way: Pleasant Travel Letters with Useful Notes for Tourists," by Mrs. Agness Greene Foster; "Obil, Keeper of Camels: Being the Parable of the Man Whom the Disciples Saw Casting Out Devils," by Miss Lucia Chase Bell; "Friendship: A Mosaic Essay on a Lofty Theme," compiled by Paul Elder, revised edition; "To Friendship: A Lyric Exaltation of Pure Friendship," by Mrs. Agness Greene Foster; and a new edition of "Quatrains of Christ," by Mr. George Creel.

## TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

April, 1910.

Abruzzi, Duke, Adventures of. *McClure.*  
 Addams, Jane, Autobiography of—I. *American.*  
 African Game Trails—VII. Theodore Roosevelt. *Scribner.*  
 American Art, The Story of—IV. Arthur Hoebler. *Bookman.*  
 American Women in the Civil War. Ida M. Tarbell. *American.*  
 Baseball, College, Evolution of. H. S. Pritchett. *Scribner.*  
 Baseball, Our National Game. Walter Camp. *Century.*  
 Baseball Players' Spring Training. H. S. Fullerton. *American.*  
 Beckwith, Carroll, Portraits of. R. J. Wickenden. *Scribner.*  
 Björnson, Poet-Reformer. Edwin Björkman. *Rev. of Reviews.*  
 Blindness, Preventable. Carolyn Van Blarcom. *McClure.*  
 Brenta, The Lost Glory of. Robert Shackleton. *Harper.*  
 Bribery in Legislatures. S. M. Gardenshire. *No. Amer. Rev.*  
 Brownell, W. C. George McLean Harper. *Atlantic.*  
 Browning and Sainte-Beuve. G. Bradford, Jr. *No. Amer. Rev.*  
 Canoe Route, A \$3,000,000. Rex Crossadell. *World To-day.*  
 Chicago's Development. William B. Hale. *World's Work.*  
 Classics, How to Read the. C. F. Richardson. *Bookman.*  
 Congress, Insurgents in. V. Murdock. *North Amer. Review.*  
 Conservation, The Other Side of. Geo. L. Knapp. *No. Am. Rev.*  
 Corporation Tax Law, Constitutionality of. *No. Amer. Rev.*  
 Cost of Living for Immigrants. *World's Work.*  
 Courts, Our, Follies of. Charles B. Brewer. *McClure.*  
 Dancing, Bare-foot. Walter P. Eaton. *Munsey.*  
 Education, Old and New, in China. E. D. Burton. *World To-day.*  
 Edward, King, in England's Crisis. W. T. Stead. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 England's Finances. F. A. Og. *Review of Reviews.*  
 English Liberalism, Débâcle of. Sydney Brooks. *No. Am. Rev.*  
 Food, Modern Ideas on. Burton J. Hendrick. *McClure.*  
 Forestry Advance, Our. H. S. Graves. *Review of Reviews.*  
 Fraser, James Earle: Sculptor. E. A. Semple. *Century.*  
 Freight War in the West, The. H. B. Lane. *World To-day.*  
 Freshmen, Culture of. David S. Jordan. *North Amer. Review.*  
 Fruit Culture, Western. A. C. Laut. *Review of Reviews.*  
 Germany's Armament. George von Skal. *Century.*  
 Ghor, Across the, to Og. Ellsworth Huntington. *Harper.*  
 Gotham, Oases in. Phillip V. Michaels. *Harper.*  
 Halley's Comet, The Return of. T. J. J. See. *Munsey.*  
 Halley's Comet, The Return of. S. A. Mitchell. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Halley's Comet, The Return of. Wm. H. Pickering. *Century.*  
 Harvard, Presidential Changes at. C. F. Thwing. *No. Am. Rev.*  
 Harvard, Ways at. John H. Finley. *North American Review.*  
 Hearn, Lafcadio, Appreciation of. Yone Noguchi. *Atlantic.*  
 Henry, O. Harry Thurston Peck. *Bookman.*  
 Hoffman, Richard, Musical Recollections of. *Scribner.*  
 Holy Land, The—III. Robert Hichens. *Century.*  
 Housing, City, The Problem of. H. Godfrey. *Atlantic.*  
 Industrial Reform in Illinois. S. A. Harper. *World To-day.*  
 Irish Fairies. Sarah N. Cleghorn. *Atlantic.*  
 Labor War, Women in a. Allan L. Benson. *Munsey.*  
 Lecouvreur, Adrienne, and Maurice of Saxony. L. Orr. *Munsey.*  
 Letters to a Young Girl. Phillips Brooks. *Lippincott.*  
 Library, An Autographed. H. R. Galt. *World's Work.*  
 Literary Drummer, Confessions of a. *Bookman.*  
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 Living, The Cost of. W. Martin Swift. *Atlantic.*  
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 Music, Contemporary. Horatio Parker. *North Amer. Review.*  
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 Pleasantness, The Ways of. Beulah B. Amram. *Atlantic.*  
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 Postal Savings-bank, The. Harold Stone. *No. Amer. Review.*  
 Post-Office Savings-bank. T. H. Carter. *No. Amer. Review.*  
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 Tides in the Solid Earth. Oscar Hecker. *Harper.*  
 Traction Question in Chicago. C. L. Livingston. *World To-day.*  
 Tuberculosis in N. Y. State. J. A. Kingsbury. *Rev. of Reviews.*  
 Vedder, Elihu—Reminiscences of—IV. *World's Work.*  
 Washington: America's Versailles. W. Fawcett. *World To-day.*  
 Waterways and Railways. Logan G. McPherson. *Atlantic.*  
 Waterways, Future of our. James J. Hill. *World's Work.*  
 Wesley, John, Journal of. Nehemiah Curnock. *Harper.*  
 Whiskey—What It Is. H. Parker Willis. *McClure.*  
 Wilderness, Battle of the—XI. Morris Schaff. *Atlantic.*  
 Woman and Democracy. Borden P. Bowne. *No. Amer. Rev.*  
 Woman and Government. Mrs. W. F. Scott. *No. Amer. Rev.*  
 Woman's War, The. Mary Johnston. *Atlantic.*  
 Writer, How to Become a. Helen Keller. *World's Work.*  
 Yucatan, Slavery in. C. Arnold and F. J. T. Frost. *American.*

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 90 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Dean Swift. By Sophie Shilleto Smith. Illustrated, large 8vo, 340 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.  
 An Admiral's Log: Continued Recollections of Naval Life. By Robley D. Evans. Illustrated, 8vo, 467 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2 net.  
 Christina of Sweden. By I. A. Taylor. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 336 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$4 net.  
 Simon Bolivar, El Libertador: A Life of the Chief Leader in the Revolt against Spain in Venezuela, New Granada, and Peru. By F. Loraine Petre. With photogravure frontispiece, large 8vo, 458 pages. John Lane Co. \$4 net.  
 The Drama of Saint Helena. By Paul Férmeaux; translated by Alfred Rieu. Illustrated, large 8vo, 372 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$3 net.  
 Sir John Everett Millais, P.R.A. By J. Eadie Reid. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 12mo, 192 pages. "Makers of British Art." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

## HISTORY.

The Romance of the American Navy, as Embodied in the Stories of Certain of our Public and Private Armed Ships, 1775-1909. By Frederic Stanhope Hill. Illustrated, 8vo, 335 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.  
 The Story of the American Merchant Marine. By John R. Spears. Illustrated, 12mo, 340 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.  
 Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War. By Emerson David Fite. 8vo, 318 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2 net.  
 Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Clarence Walworth Alvord. Virginia Series. Vol. II. With portrait, large 8vo, 681 pages. Springfield, Ill.: Illinois State Historical Library.  
 A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster. Vol. VII. Large 8vo, 649 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50 net.  
 A Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Edited by John R. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, and others. Volumes III. and IV. Illustrated, large 8vo. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. Per set, \$50 net.  
 A History of Medieval Political Theory in the West. By R. W. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle. Vol. II. Large 8vo, 273 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.  
 The Islands of Titicaci and Kooti. By Adolph F. Banderier. Illustrated, large 8vo, 358 pages. Hispanic Society of America.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

A Study of the Drama. By Brander Matthews. Illustrated, 12mo, 320 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.  
 The Bridling of Pegasus: Prose Papers on Poetry. By Alfred Austin. Large 8vo, 252 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.40 net.  
 English Literature in Account with Religion, 1800-1900. By Edward Mortimer Chapman. Large 8vo, 578 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2 net.

**Personal Power:** Counsels to College Men. By William Jewett Tucker. 8vo, 284 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

**The Book of Easter.** With introduction by Rt. Rev. W. C. Doane; decorated by George Wharton Edwards. 12mo, 246 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

**Thomas Carlyle as a Critic of Literature.** By Frederick William Roe, Ph. D. 8vo, 182 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

**Petrarch's Letters to Classical Authors.** Translated, with commentary, by Mario Emilio Cosenza. 12mo, 208 pages. University of Chicago Press. \$1. net.

#### NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

**The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.** Edited, with notes, by John Bigelow. Unutilated and correct edition; with photogravure portrait, 8vo, 327 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

**The Soul of Man under Socialism.** By Oscar Wilde. Authorized edition; 8vo. John W. Luce & Co.

**Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada,** from the MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida. By Washington Irving. 16mo, 456 pages. "World's Classics." Oxford University Press.

#### DRAMA AND VERSE.

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**Studies in the Marvelous.** By Benjamin P. Kurtz. Large 8vo, 244 pages. Berkeley, California: University Press. Paper.

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## MUSIC.

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**The Story of Opera.** By E. Markham Lee. Illustrated in photographure, etc., 12mo, 269 pages. "Music-Story Series," Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

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